

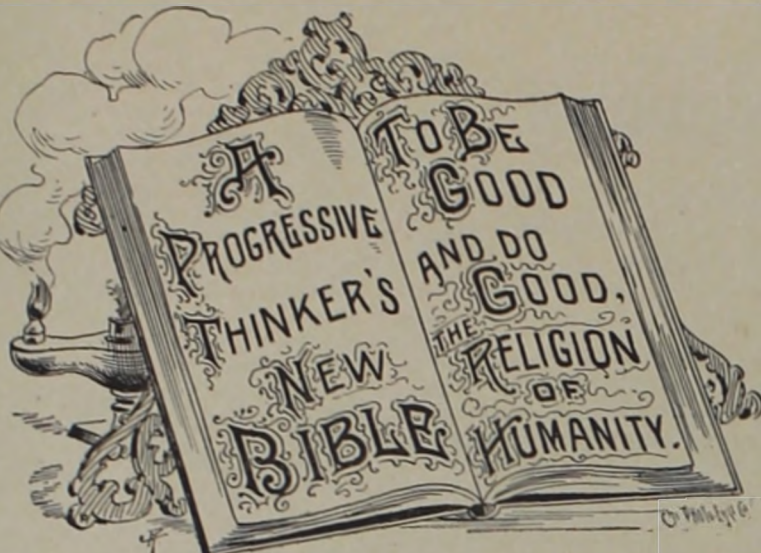
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OUR NEW BIBLE.

It Contains Divine Lessons.

CHAPTER IV.

THOUGHTS FOR GUIDANCE IN THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

COMMONPLACE LIVES.

"A commonplace life," we say and we sigh, But why should we sigh as we say? The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky Makes up the commonplace day.

The moon and the stars are commonplace things, And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings; And dark were the world, and sad our lot If the flowers should fall, and the sun shine not.

And God, who studies each separate soul, Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

—Susan Coolidge.

It is weary working (says Amber in the *Evening Journal*) striving to keep the aims high and the purpose pure, in a world where temptation swoops down upon us like hawks and the natural tendencies of the "Old Adam" draws us downward as the plummet draws the line. But there is comfort in the thought that failure does not count, if but we keep our faces turned toward the goal. Who remembers how many times the baby fell, when the little hero has accomplished his first promenade and reached the goal of "mother's lap"? He who stumbles a thousand times by the way and rises again with face toward the winning post, shall conquer in the end. Anything more hopeless than the clearing of a New England meadow—lot of stones was never undertaken, and yet, stone by stone the patient farmer removes them, until in time the harvest waves its banners over their utter defeat. Fault by fault, attacked day after day—here a stone and there a stone, shall finally result in fruition for bareness, in golden wheat for a useless quarry of rock.

We pour life too full and strain the measure. A quart pot will not hold three pints, neither will fifty years hold the concerns of seventy. More than half of a home-keeping woman's time is spent in worrying, and a good share of the other half in preparing food. As though the stomach were the immortal part of us! Take one-quarter of the time a woman devotes to making pies, preparing puddings, putting up preserves, icing cakes and frying doughnuts, and let her devote it to rest and recreation, and she would not look like a shred of parchment paper at forty. It is the non-essentials that kill us. We must learn to simplify before we can learn to escape the doom of premature age. Nature never intended us to live as we do. If she had meant us to eat puff pastry, she would have grown it on some of her trees. She has provided simple food in the shape of cereals, fruits and vegetables, and if we conformed ourselves more closely to her established order of diet, we would be a happier and a harder race. The only thing that is ever going to solve the domestic problem is simplification, and the sooner we begin to simplify, both in the manner of our living and in what we expect of those who serve us, the better it will be both for mistress and maid. We talk much of the good and faithful servants of two or three generations ago. Did our great-grandmothers require their meals served in courses, and an extra plate for everything from bread and butter through to sauce and cheese? A dinner fifty years ago was served all in one course, and the mistress helped both in the serving and the removal. Now, she sits with her toe on an electric bell under the table, and requires as complete a paraphernalia of services as appertains to the household of a grand duke.

Isn't it better, my dear, that there should be a finger-mark on the paint than a wrinkle at the corner of your eye, or even a cobweb on the wall than a film of premature grey about your temples? Stop worrying about little things. Don't fret yourself to death over flies. Remember there are bigger troubles than the accumulation of dust in the curtains. Not for a moment would I have you think that I discourage neatness. I believe and know that order and cleanliness stand shoulder to shoulder with godliness, but there is an exaggerated neatness that takes hold on lunacy. There is a gilding of fine gold in household details that is more

non-essential than painting the lily. Draw a line, and draw it wide and black, between essentials and non-essentials; adopt a simpler diet, demand of every day an hour for rest and recreation, and see how the roses of youth will linger, away down to the verge of old age and wintry weather.

Perhaps you think because a fellow is old and a trifle shiny at the elbows, because he is poor and works at a desk for a few hundred dollars a year, that he is to be pitied. Did it ever occur to you that a man can be very rich in his heart and very poor in his pocket; or that a woman might be old and plain and queer and yet outshine in inward loveliness the trappings of a queen? All the gold you or I possess must first gild our imagination before it can increase our contentment. If you have the spirit of Italy in your heart you need not spend \$100 passage money to sail the seas to find Italy. A spray of magnolia will bring it to you, an orange in its rind of gold, a cluster of grapes in purple bloom, will carry you "without money and without price" to where the dark-eyed Sorrento girls are singing in the sun. I shall never be rich—I was not cut out for a capitalist, but would all the money in the world add one whit to the enjoyment I extract from a perfect summer day? To-day I found a lichen-covered tree trunk to sit upon, where an outlook through a vista of silver birches revealed the heavenly azure of the lake. Like a fallen sky of cloudless blue the great waters throbbed away to meet the hazy horizon. A colony of sand birds flitted across the silver beach like shadows, or cleft the air with sudden flight. From my pocket I produced a seed-cake, and while my eyes feasted upon the glory that fed my soul, I ate my lunch and envied not the queen of Spain. Do you think she ever enjoyed a dinner served in golden plate any better than I did mine? Sick heart-throbs of worry are not a sauce to sweeten dainty dishes. It is not what lies in our pantries or goes upon our tables that makes us hearty and happy and well; it is the enthusiasm that never gets its eyes blinded by the dust of a sordid and self-seeking world; the tender heart that keeps us near to God, and mindful of his sorrowing creatures, that makes us richer than all the Vanderbilts, and happier than all the queens.

Be careful how you ridicule that poor woman! She may look antiquated and forlorn and queer, but who are you to plant another thorn in a heart that may already be riddled with the thrusts of sorrow? Nothing hurts so much as a sneer. A brave soul that has weathered many a storm may go down before a shaft of ridicule. A laugh hurts longer than a bullet. The latter may kill, but the deed is quickly done, while the former only stings, yet lingers like the thrust of a hornet. Pray God that with all our faults we may escape the sin of being wanton woublers of the defenseless and the weak. If we must be mean, let us choose a victim of our own size, and not vent our meanness upon poor, disconsolate old women or shabby and broken-down old men. The young person who will make fun of an older one because of personal oddities, or old-fashioned clothes, has less heart than a November bush has bloom, and will never amount to anything until heaven takes her in hand, and develops a soul within her bosom by the discipline of sorrow.

One of the many incidents related to illustrate Rose Terry Cooke's lovely disposition is this: She had a bed of particularly choice strawberries. An invalid friend fancied one year that those berries agreed with her better than any others. Mrs. Cooke therefore saved every berry that season for her friend.

The late Professor Freeman disliked Plato, Carlyle and Ruskin as authors in whom no merit was to be found. He had small liking, also, for the Greek poet, though otherwise fond of the ancient classics. He read nothing but Tennyson, Wadsworth, Shelley, or Keats, but constantly read the best of Walter Scott's stories, though blaming the author for misrepresenting history in "Ivanhoe."

M. Pasteur is lying in a rather precarious state of health at Villeneuve-Étang, near St. Cloud. The eminent scientist is subject to an affection of the heart, and about a month ago he suffered from an attack that left him very weak.

DUDE THEOLOGY.

It Is Comprehensively Illustrated.

A Lecture Delivered by
MR. G. W. KATES
At the Parkland Camp Meeting.

To associate the words "dude" and "theology," seems to be unwarranted by any possibility of assimilation. Theology is supposed to be deductions from divine law and revelation. Theology, it is said, treats of immortal principles and has no relationship with things profane and transient. Dudes are creations—so said—of incongruous chances in the crudest of earthly sensuous expression.

Dudes and theologians are created in the same mold. Their ology is a perfect paradox. Perhaps it is belittling the noun dude in making it an adjective to qualify theology as a noun. We might reverse it and speak of a theological dude and be in better harmony. But, turn these words however you will, an affinity is found. The majority of dudes endorse all the conclusions and ipse dixits of theology. The majority of theologians affect dude ways and make-up. Of dudes we care little; of theologians we need not worry lest they may destroy the order of the universe, or even of nations. Dudes will destroy themselves when left alone; perhaps theologians may do likewise. The life of dudes is in attracting attention and comment. Theologians thrive the same way. We would warn you against dudes—they will not feed nor gratify your better natures by association. No more will theologians make your pathway smooth and pleasant. A hidden danger lurks beneath both. Relegate both to their own vain conceit. Let us deal with effects. Logical deductions and graphic pictures of life in Dudedom might be valuable as a saving power to prevent others from folly. To save humanity from a false theology it is necessary to enter the domain where thrives this creation of man and see what its life is and what good or evil is done by it. I have alluded to a false theology. That implies there is a true one. There can be no good unless there is evil. There can be no truth unless there be falsity. There can be no right unless there be wrong. All things exist in name only by contrast with an opposite.

Theology cannot be unless a philosophy underlies it,—and yet theology and philosophy are antagonistic. Why is that? Because theology is the philosophy of superstition and dogma, and philosophy is the deductions of fact and reason. The logic of philosophy and theology is quite another thing. And the scientific basis of logic is the paramount quality. Lead us into the domains of science and logic where fact dwells—where facts are made manifest, and you may have all the heritage of theology and philosophy where speculation furnishes the chimera,—and thus erects the castles of air, the heaven of imagination and the salvation of selfishness. Theology and religion are ancient; and because they have had historical life—because of longevity, no matter if they have become like the lean and slippered pantaloon with shrunk shanks, or in the last stage, second childishness, sans everything—must we adore them and meditate them and worship them, and continue their sufferings simply to possess a fossil of past ages?

Ignorance gave them birth! Why should we say to ignorance, "Thou shalt breed for the supply of generations to follow?" Why should ignorance be permitted parentage at all? Hybridization is the best known law for the evolution of species. Ignorance must, then, be absorbed by knowledge. Superstition and reason will occasionally assume matrimonial bans. Dogma and fact can only temporarily be brought together. Harmony will not be established amongst the partners, but the progeny thereof will inherit from reason, fact and knowledge. Survival of the fittest will follow. What would satisfy the forefathers will not satisfy the children. What was true will become a lie.

The greatest damnation to the virtue and utility of anything is in its having been in life or form in the dark ages, or even the middle ages. Theology loses in respect the more ancient its life. Modern theology may not be much better, yet it has made some progress. Theology of the present has life in minds of people who will not think. Theology of the past had life because of minds lacking in power to think.

Visiting a store lately for a small purchase, I saw an open Bible where the proprietor could indulge himself in the leisure moments. After a few pleasant criticisms upon the relative value of the gospel of the Bible, and of Shakespeare, I asked to what theologian we could go for an intelligent interpretation of Revelations. My Christian friend spoke my sentiments in reply. He said: "I would not go to a theologian; I would go to a fool!" It is strange that churchmen will occasionally say such rabid things that the Liberalists would hardly dare utter.

A preacher, to become great, needs only to teach heresy. He is then lionized. Theological dudes are like sheep—they will follow the bell-wether anywhere; and if he leaps a big ditch, they seem in high glee.

Some years ago clergymen could not hold a pastorate unless they grew full beards. Lately a pastor in Indiana was

asked to resign because he would not shave his moustache. Whiskers are said to be against the teachings of the Bible. Whiskers vs. brains shows there is a dude issue in theology, or its outcome, churchianity.

Theologians are spoken of as "the cloth." Their good black broadcloth suits, shining silk hats and white cravats always tells of their profession. A white surplice in the pulpit may be an emblem of purity, but it does not always cover that spiritual quality. It is an affectation; as is the long frocks of priests. These may be symbols of servitude, and destructive of pride, yet are on a par with dudes well attired who claim the first right of way and are insulted unless accorded public honor. Such attire is symbolized rather as a sensuous covering which women have accelerated so much in their personal adornments. How ridiculously foolish—more so than any dude custom—is it to reverse the wearing of vest and collar, and button the folds thereof in the back. With faces reversed from the truth it is natural to put clothing on the wrong way. As clothing does not make the man, so will apparel fail to make a spiritual teacher.

Military duddism calls for a perfect system of apparel. By its authority is established in its order of superiority. Apparel plays an important part in all classes of servants. Educators and spiritual teachers should arise into higher self-attitudes and dress their bodies according to personal desire. Then they will dress their minds as judgment dictates. Slavery to physical and social customs is the precursor to slavery of mind. Dickens very aptly said: "Dignity, and even holiness, too, sometimes are more questions of coat and waistcoat than some people imagine."

If in dress the clergy had made the only mistakes of life, there would be little more than laughter caused thereby. But serious results have followed. Bigotry and intolerance have trod up and down the world for centuries. Priestly errors and influence have caused these woeful partners to succeed in their selfish pursuits.

We have essayed to discuss theology and not persons; but the exponents of an *ism* or *ology* are the natural points of attack—for they represent the value of the same to influence and mould character. Personality and principle, then, are parts of the body indispensable to life. The necessity is that all should embody the highest type of personality possible in the outcome of their religion and philosophy. A reformer, especially, should be an example of his teachings. A hypocrite is the meanest of human species. The following astonishing statement was lately made by a Sunday school paper: "Primitive Christianity had its bright side and its darker. If we would take the early disciples of Jesus for an example, let us distinguish between their virtues, which are to be imitated, and their faults, which are to be shunned."

It is seldom admitted that primitive Christianity had any dark side except that which was imposed by persecution; but the above item indicates that the disciples possessed faults to be shunned. We must not expect perfection now in the disciples—hence must excuse their faults; but the modern Christians turn pastors and members out of church and over to the Devil for little misdemeanors—when caught up with. The thing to be avoided, is to be caught. Sin is winked at unless by a publicity it may endanger the good reputation of the church. There have been frequent instances of that kind. A man may have no sincere sympathy with the church and yet be a good member by paying all its tithes and helping its charities. Such hypocrites there are by the thousands that they may gain socially or in business. The church feeds upon hypocrisy in people seeking its influence for selfish purposes. The church has molded its creeds and regulations until it is possible for anyone with good clothes and a little money to be saved. Not long ago sanctification could only be obtained by special action of the "holy spirit" in creating a change of heart and a new birth. At the mourners bench penitents were brought to the "fount of life." Saving of souls has changed from the unselfish desire to convert sinners from ways that lead to hell, into the selfish desire to increase church membership.

The great revivalists formerly boasted of the crowns of pearls and precious stones they were creating in their heavenly diadems by numerous conversions—but now, Moody, Sankey, Jones, Minhall *et al.*, obtain large earthly pay and are able to build earthly mansions, and they will not labor for the Master solely upon the promise of a heavenly crown and a golden harp in the by and bye.

Why not imitate the virtues of the primitive disciples and go about preaching with only one coat, no shoes, no feather-beds, no yellow-legged chickens and no fine churches,—eating dry corn from the fields and sleeping under the canopy of skies only?

We might speak of other primitive virtues that our modern dudes might imitate. One of the faults to be shunned would be to curse a fig-tree or any other fruit tree for not bearing fruit in season. Theology, warped and worn by earthly selfishness, should find strong condemnation—but a spiritual philosophy beautified by humility of character and broad humanitarian principles, will bear all the shocks and contumely of ages.

What is theology? It is unwritten law—human opinion of divine law—opinion. Continued on 5th page.

A STUDY IN MEDIUMSHIP.

The Lively Flea's Place in Nature.

The Prayer of the Microbe.

There are those who are experimenting with great industry to find out how much a spirit can do when you give him the best possible conditions. I can understand and appreciate their labor of love. But I am far more impressed with the world-wide limitations to the power of spirits either to return or to do any profitable business after they get here. This is a discouraging fact, but we may as well accept first as last that nature has not provided any special accommodation for the benefit of man. The lively flea is as much her darling child as the biped who calls himself the lord of creation. I am aware that I am treading on delicate ground, for many of our platform workers and their spirit inspirers love to make long invocations and tell their Heavenly Father what he has done to make them happy. But it seems to me that modern Spiritualism has much to say on this question if we will only listen to our own experiences. We can certainly discover that nature has no favorites. Man has not and cannot have under universal law any monopoly of immortality. And he has no trust company formed that can gamble up all the joys or sorrows that belong to the earth life of all races alike. Every investigator soon discovers that "Our Father who art in heaven," or if the invocators prefer we will say "Our Father and Mother God," has designed that all life shall live upon other living forms. He learns that for the most part our diseases are either produced by the appetites of other living beings, or at least furnish conditions of which such animals gladly avail themselves to have a good time at man's expense.

Let us take an illustration. Here lies a poor fellow suffering all the agonies of typhoid fever. The family doctor has lost hope and the preacher has been summoned to see if he can induce the invisible creator of typhoid to change his mind and let the sufferer get well. His prayer is long and earnest, and he tells God everything he can think of that may induce him to help the doctor and let the patient recover. But no miracle is wrought, and the man of piety wipes the dust from the knees of his trousers and returns to the bosom of his family.

That is man's side of the question. Now suppose we look at the other side. Typhoid fever means that living beings called "microbes" are busy devouring the so-called lord of creation. But since science has already proved that man has no monopoly of any gift of nature, not even of the reason upon which he has specially prided himself, by what right do our invoking friends claim for man or his spirit a monopoly of piety? May there not be the pious microbe, a member possibly of the microbe salvation army, who is that same hour making his pious invocation in order to put himself in the best possible condition for receiving other blessings? Listen. O medium and spirit, to the solemn song of praise. After sweet music played upon the nerves of the suffering human, a stately microbe, standing upon his hinder limbs, and with closed eyes is making an invocation before an audience of microbes who seem, some of them, quite reverend, whilst others seem to have "dropped in" out of curiosity. Here is the invocation as taken down by the microbe stenographer to head the next week's report of "Microbe Spirit Return," as published in the *Weekly Ray of Light*:

"We thank thee, O great and good spirit, for relieving us in our hour of greatest need by sending us this man in whom we are permitted to enjoy what we are told he calls 'typhoid fever.' But, our father, we have brothers and sisters formed by thee so that they cannot share with us in this feast of good things. For their happiness we beseech thee to send the cholera; also the smallpox, with other deadly fevers. The wound and the venom through which so many of thy microbe children are made happy are thy gifts and we praise thee for them. For the air in which we float, the stagnant pools in which we lurk, the decaying matter everywhere in which we find trace of thy wondrous designs for our happiness, we praise thee, great microbe. Continue thy blessings upon us while we live, and when we die take us yet nearer to thy boundless love. Amen and Amen."

Such a pious invocation should show every student of nature that almost all prayers are requests that the Creator will make some other living beings unhappy for our benefit. In other words, man, microbe and spirit must each paddle his own canoe in common with every other living being. Antagonism is an essential of our existence. That there is a universal intelligence every thinker must admit, but we are without a shadow of evidence to prove that it cares for man more than monkey or microbe. Therefore, these spirit controls who are expressing the religious element we call worship are either pandering to mortal weakness, or themselves wearing the old theological fetters. And when, as recently, one of our noblest old veterans tells us that he begins every seance with prayer, we see at once the class of spirits he must attract. They believe there is a Creator who loves man, and hears and answers prayer. "Ask and ye shall receive," is their motto, qualified only by the fact of frequent disappointment. If we now realize that all progress can only be through effort and experience on both

sides the life line, we are ready for the next step.

Every investigator and believer in spirit return should remember that a mortal may be morally and spiritually superior to a spirit visitor. If he realizes this he will be very cautious about submitting his own judgment to any intelligence who cannot be criticised face to face like a brother mortal. Of course there are grades of advance in spirit life. If we believe in progress we must accept that. And naturally we should like to be sure as to the grade of the spirit to whom we are talking. But since proof of identity is practically impossible, and personation so very easy, it is only by a most careful study of mediumship that we can hope to protect ourselves against deception. Yet many of our platform workers and some of our best writers proclaim a golden rule by which mortals can be self-protected. It consists of the old maxim, like to like. They tell us that if we seek only the spiritual and never the material we shall surely attract only good and true spirits. This has a plausible sound and has been accepted by many as almost an axiom, yet it will not bear a moment's careful examination. Suppose my readers ask themselves how they propose to draw the line? Is it spiritual to seek spirit aid for inflammation of the stomach, but mundane and worldly to invoke the angels to help a poor fellow to a loaf of bread to stay a gripping hunger in the same organ? Here is the widow and the orphan about to be put out of doors for lack of the cash to pay their rent. Is it spiritual to ask the angels to comfort them in their affliction, but vern worldly to desire spirit aid to get two dollars in cash for the same object? De we draw advanced spirits by one desire and attract ungodly spooks by the other? Suppose I am on the verge of financial ruin, with all that involves to myself and family. Is it degrading to my spirit to invoke spirit aid that may direct me how to perfect an invention; or where to look for a coal mine or an oil well? Is it really any more spiritual if I only call on God and the angels to fit me and my family for heaven, when what we really need is less trouble on earth? Such questions will show the thinker that he cannot draw the line and divide up his necessities and say, "Those I will talk about with the angels, but these I will keep to discuss with my wife and family."

Of course there are laws that govern not only spirit return but that do measurably determine what class we are likely to attract. But there are too many factors concerned for the most part to determine without much doubt. Anything about which we would talk with a neighbor is a fit subject for conversation with a spirit. But we select that neighbor. If I want to dig a well I discuss it with a well-digger and not with a banker. On questions of cash I prefer the man of money. Suppose my neighbor to have been a well-digger forty years ago, I shall prefer to counsel with a well-digger of to-day, as more likely to be up with the times. Now if my neighbor, the well-digger, became a spirit, and can show me in conversation that he is still on the old level, his advice may be good as ever, and even have a spirit insight that adds outness to his counsel. If I am sick I don't want either banker or well-digger, but a skilled doctor. And if my old physician has become a ghost and undertakes my case, I give him as much of confidence as I might have given him in earth-life if I had become deaf and blind. The Spirit-world is as full of quacks as the life of to-day. But the quack comes back as a celebrated M. D., demanding that we submit to his doses and manipulations. But what about the skilled physician who has been in the Spirit-world for a century or two? Here perhaps I shall differ from many of my readers, but the longer he has been in Spirit-life the more suspicious I grow as to his adaptation to the life of to-day. He has probably advanced from sphere to sphere, gaining wisdom and power as he has climbed, but the details of earth-life must have been left behind. He is the one to whom I would appeal for instructions as to the development of the spiritual in man. But for the discovery of the microbe of a disease I should prefer a teacher nearer the earth-life.

This is the point I want to emphasize here. I no more violate the law governing spirit intercourse with mortal when I seek the well-digger than when I counsel with the archangel. But it is necessary that with each alike I shall act as I would act with my mortal neighbor if I were unable to see and hear him, and had reason to suspect that other neighbors were watching their chance to take his name and play his part. If truly wise I study the laws governing spirit return and act accordingly.

It seems to me that I am presenting commonsense truths that should commend themselves to every rational mortal. I know there are those who tell us they can rely on their spiritual instinct for protection against spirit fraud. But we have all observed that such enthusiasts accept statements and conclusions as truth which they would ridicule if applied to the surroundings of their daily lives. Our safety consists in the use of both judgment and experience. The unexpected may happen. The unknown may be discovered. In such cases it is wise to go slow; in other words, to be very cautious. For by inquiry we shall usually discover that the unknown to us has been long known to others, and that the unexpected has often happened before.

CHARLES DAWHARN.

San Leandro, Cal.

SPIRIT LIFE.

A Conference with Spiritual Beings.

Written Through the Hand of an Eminent Ex-Judge.

[The series of papers we are about to publish were communicated from Spirit life in the precise form in which they are now presented to the public. They have not even been copied, and were all written out by the medium himself at the time of the communication. The dictation was made when the medium was under impression, and perfectly passive to the influence. He was fully conscious at the time, but like a faithful amanuensis recorded the facts, ideas and expressions of the controlling intelligence as if he had been writing under the direction of a mortal, so that he is quite sure the reports are in all respects substantially correct.]

The essays are from different spirits, but no names were given, for the reason that as they relate to morals and conduct of life they should be esteemed for their own merits alone, and not by the credit of the source from which they emanate. To each essay is subjoined the individual experience of some other spirit since passing away from earth, and these latter are called *Illustrations*, and, except in rare instances, such as James Russell Lowell and Horace Greeley, these names were also withheld.

The picture thus presented of the higher life is of the most impressive character, and the descriptions of the sundry scenes, modes of life and occupation have a realistic air that cannot fail to deeply affect the spirit and add it in its efforts to be worthy of that glorious abode.]

The Application of Scientific Methods to the Spirit.

The first principle in science is universal that the truth can only be reached by observation and indication. This theory is as old as Aristotle; it was predicted by Socrates and brought into prominent recognition by Bacon. There are few inquiries now made in physical science except by experiment, and the general laws of the universe have been more fully explored and developed in consequence of the application of this system. And now we witness a great increase of knowledge, and a wide spread of intelligence among mankind. Some of the greatest truths are quite common, and the most ample provision is made for the propagation of the highest philosophy among all classes, for all, or nearly all, are now educated up to a standard of general information sufficient to understand and appreciate the grand secrets of nature. The human mind has been emancipated from the shackles of error, and the progress of ideas has raised the general understanding to a level of the highest thought now current in scientific circles. This is a splendid illustration of the march of intellect under the guidance of sound principles of investigation. The old system was first to learn the general principle, and then seek for the truth in the facts that might be found, and these latter were of such subordinate importance that they were not allowed to disturb the dreams of *a priori* conclusions. Principles were assumed to be of more consequence than facts, and it was thought to be more important that they should be upheld than that mere circumstances should usurp the place of philosophy, and dictate the results of reflection, which belonged only to the sacred cloister of philosophical abstraction and the quiet calm of silent meditation. There is no one who will deny the value of principles when they are based upon truth, but a principle *a priori* is not safe unless the effects which it produces are perfectly consistent with the verities of nature. To reason from the cause to the effect is not a sure way of getting at the reality of things, for when we start out with the declaration of a principle, in nine cases out of ten we fail either to find its effects or to reach conclusions that are justified by them. Now, a principle is nothing but a generalization of real things and existences. These lie at the foundation. It is like building a structure—we begin at the groundwork, not in the air; we build up, not down. So we collect a knowledge of facts, from which we deduce general laws, and these are arranged into a system, which we call science.

When, therefore, it becomes necessary to announce a new science, the first step is to find the circumstances that attended its discovery. It is sometimes an incident of slight importance that attracts attention first, like the fall of Newton's apple, by which he was led to the discovery of the law of gravitation, or the blowing of soap-bubbles, which suggested the seven primary colors into which light is resolved when transmitted through a prism. It was by flying a kite that Franklin learned the directability of the electrical fluid, and by observing the spasms of a frog that Mesmer became aware of a science that still bears his name. Thus by adding our knowledge to one observation we acquire a sufficient insight to the laws of matter to lay down general principles, and a science is born through the efforts of men, sometimes individually and oftener by many who are engaged in the same pursuit or line of investigation.

We now come to apply these remarks to a new branch of philosophy that is just beginning to claim attention on account of the varied phenomena which it has already displayed. It is not like the physical sciences, subject to exact quantitative measurement, nor like those of the elements that pervade space without occupying it, as the air we breathe or the currents that carry our messages. These are of an order that has no intelligence and no responsibility.

But the spirit is above them all in its roles and methods, which cannot be ascertained by the crucible, nor weighed in the balance, and when the physical philosopher applies his scientific methods to the laws of the soul with any expectation of success, he will only meet with disappointment and failure. The spirit has a realm of its own, and can never be subjected to the mathematics of science, or to the instruments by which it ascertains its conclusions. The former is guided by emotions, sensibilities and sentiments. It establishes the rules in esthetics and the maxims in religion, and has little or nothing to do with the direct control of material substances, and is not subject to their limitations, nor has it their fixed and certain modes of action. The sun rises and sets, day succeeds night, and the seasons follow each other in absolute rotation. The chemical compounds are infallible, and there is but one kind of geometry. These are never dis-

turbed by the irregular and perturbed conditions of the mind. Insensible to all impressions, they are likewise indifferent to consequences or responsibilities. The spirit, on the other hand, is a world in itself—the image of the Creator, a spark from the living God. It rules the world from its invisible throne, and holds mankind in its all powerful embrace. There is no one so low in the scale of being that it does not invest with a certain dignity and character. When we say of anyone that he has no spirit, or that he is a spiritless creature, we mean that he is not endowed with sufficient of the celestial spark to place him on a very high level of intelligence or force of character, and when we see anyone so low in the range of humanity that he is scarcely a man, we feel that his spirit has been degraded and his soul so deprived of its faculties that it would be difficult to raise him to the level of a human being.

There are many reasons to believe that some men are so lost to all consciousness of possessing any spirit that they cease to think themselves worthy of any place in spirit-life, and they drift on in a way that leads to oblivion and death without a hope or a desire beyond the grave. Such persons are like ships at sea without rudder or helm, and they pass on to the realms of light in a darkness as dense and impenetrable as the tomb. Their waking up from that condition in the other world is like a drowning man when pulled out of the water. They see all things pretty much as they left them, their life is saved, and they are again amid the sordid scenes of their degraded surroundings on earth, and it is not for some time that they can realize where they are or what they are. At length the darkness becomes visible, and the horror of their situation breaks in upon them. They begin to know that they have a spirit, and it is all there is of them. But with this consciousness there comes a dreadful thought that they must live a life of penitence and remorse in order to purge away the evil propensities they have acquired, and that a thorough reformation is the only way to life and happiness. Here we have that natural result of a life devoted to self-indulgence, and a spirit degraded by vice and immorality.

The incentive to a good life is the highest law of our being, and when we follow the dictates of conscience and the pure principle of morality, living for others as well as ourselves, and doing what we may for the well-being of those around us, we may be sure of a life hereafter that will surpass the dreams of a Utopia, and raise us high above the evils and sorrows of earth life, and of all its influences upon character and happiness. We must not think because there is a heaven that we can go there. We can only reach that glorious sphere by deserving it, and we can only deserve it by conforming to the rule of justice, equity and brotherly love to all our fellowmen.

ILLUSTRATION.

The great difficulty in communicating truth is to comprehend the foundation of all truth, which is God. If this fundamental variety is denied there is nothing left but conjecture and speculation. When I left the earth and came into the spirit mode of life this thought perplexed me, and I was in doubt of most everything else. There was no room for the spirit to expand into its eternal being, and no hope beyond the grave for the human family. Since my advent into the new life I have no more doubts, no more speculation about the future and no more perplexing thoughts about the great source of all truth and life. It constitutes one of the greatest comforts of my present condition—that I can believe in the verities of the universe, and in the great and solemn truth of God's existence in some form of potential energy, and ever-present and effective influence and control. The beneficence and grandeur of this idea is to me a constant and overflowing fountain of inspiration and happiness. Could mortals realize how essential this faith is to the upbuilding of the soul, they would not, I am sure, fatigue themselves with so much labor to disprove it, nor would science be called in to build up systems of things in which the Creator is ignored, and the future life treated as simply an ideal of the mind.

This was very finely illustrated in the case of a distinguished man of science whom I knew on earth, and who has since joined the hosts of spirit-life. No man probably excelled him in his special branch of learning, but to him phenomena had no significance beyond the physical wonders and knowledge of things which they communicated. Among the effects first experienced by him after his translation were impressions concerning the nature of the spirit, and the constituent elements of its form, and he found a species of matter entirely new to him, and of astonishing fineness. He saw that the forms of mundane material afforded little or no points of resemblance in the substance composing them, and the knowledge of these facts changed completely his views upon the causes of things in the material world. He found that spirit existed where he had never suspected, and became convinced that this spirit matter could only come from a creative power higher than any he had ever conceived of, and whose dominion and wisdom exceeded the grandest conception of man.

I have seen the belief of men change on the subject of God's agency in several remarkable instances. I remember a friend who thought that the uniformity of law in the physical phenomena would account for the appearance of life and intelligence through the principle of natural selection, in conjunction with the evolutionary forces of matter. God was execrated from his own universe by the very principles he had himself established. Upon resuming life and reflection on the higher plane of spiritual being he learned a philosophy which taught him that his darling principles of natural selection and evolution were manifestations of the same power that preserved his life after the death of the material form, and that the principles of matter were only the expression of his will wherever and whenever they exhibited their marvels, and wrought out only the different forms of his divine pleasure; and that

should he for an instant withhold his influence the laws would suspend their operation, and chaos would fill the heavens and the earth. My friend is no longer misled by names and theories, and has become a firm and reverent believer in the great First Cause of all things.

There are many ways of accounting for appearances, and the most remarkable events are explained by reference to antecedent causes, but whenever an event transpires, the instinct of the mind, and of every mind, is to attribute a cause for its appearance. This instinct is so general and powerful that it is experienced in the child as well as in the mature man. It is the logic of human nature, and all the fine-spun subtleties of the schools can never banish this spontaneous impulse out of human intelligences.

In spirit life we experience this thought more strongly than ever, and we never fail to mistake the glories of the new life, and the noble aspirations they inspire, to any but the Great Cause which forms and fashions the worlds around us, as well as that in which we enjoy his presence and feel his goodness, and his wisdom, in all we have and in all we hope.

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

The Spirit of a Little Girl and Her Dog.

TO THE EDITOR:—THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER by a large majority is thought to be the leading paper upon Spiritualism. I find myself of that number, and quite agree with those who realize a powerful influence through the perusal of its many soul-stirring articles. Each number contains material that cannot fail to elevate the minds of those seeking for truth and light, stimulating a higher standard of thought, a firmer resolve for the right, and a truer sense of the responsibilities resting upon them.

As many of your readers are calling for facts in place of theories, I venture to send you the following, which occurred some years ago, but facts nevertheless. A child of nine years possessed among her pets a large car-pole dog, which was her favorite; and the dog manifested much fondness for her, guarding her upon all occasions. The child passed to spirit-life, and after her burial the dog lingered at the grave, manifesting his grief in various ways, pawing the earth and moaning piteously, and for a long time could not be induced to leave the place.

Several months later, as I was writing to the child's mother, I felt a presence near me, and looking about, saw the little girl kneeling upon the floor, with her arms around the neck of her favorite. He was lapping her face and demonstrating great joy, as if they had just met. My surprise was great, as I had not heard of the dog's death; neither had I thought upon the subject, "Animal Spirit," at that time. The girl withdrew one hand from the dog's neck, and smilingly kissed her fingers at me; then pointed in the direction of her mother's home; then at the letter I was writing, giving me the impression that she wished me to inform her mother of what I saw, which I did minutely, and soon received a reply, in which the mother wrote: "Yes, the dog died a few days since. Can it be possible he has found his way to my darling child in spirit-life?"

The mother has learned ere this, as she passed on soon after to meet her child, and entered that school where problems are more readily solved.

ANOTHER INSTANCE.

Twelve persons seated about a room; one a young man somewhat skeptical, and a perfect stranger to me. The seance opened by singing, as usual with us, and before the piece was concluded I felt as if sinking down—down, indeed. I clasped my hands about the arms of my chair, to keep above water (seemingly). Soon I saw a man leading a large white horse directly in front of this stranger, the water dripping at every step from the clothes of the man, and the horse looked as if just emerged from the river. I described the scene as I then saw it. The stranger sprang to his feet, pale and excited, exclaiming: "My father and Jack; yes, it is my father and Jack. How did you know about this?" I explained. My version then was that it was the spirit of his father who came to give him a test, and to make it stronger, the control impressed the scene upon my vision, including the horse (Jack), knowing his son would sooner recognize it. The young man then gave an explanation. "My father and myself with Jack were rafting on the river, when the latter slipped into deep water, and in trying to save the horse my father fell in also. I, then a lad of 13 years, ran for help; but ere my return both were dead."

This occurred some ten years ago, and some of the members of the circle have passed on; others removed to a distant land, but the writer can refer you to many of your subscribers who will vouch for her sincerity; even opposers of our faith doubt not her truthfulness, but think she imagines the scenes she describes, or is herself deceived. She laughingly tells them she would as soon be called a knave as a fool.

The writer has been a Spiritualist and medium over forty years; once had the pleasure of sitting in a circle with Miss Katie Fox (then unmarried). I know that spirit friends come to us in this sphere; I feel and see them every day and hear their words of sympathy and love, uplifting and sustaining me to do my part cheerfully, and fill my niche in the great plan assigned me. Could the hand move over the paper as smoothly as in days ago, I could chronicle many tests given me; but age creeps on and the hand falters, while yet the heart is light and the will strong. I am daily transferring a part of myself to the new life; as my faculties fail in the material, they are building up in the spiritual an hundred fold added, and I soon will learn that earth trials are but stepping-stones to the higher life.

MRS. J. R. BERRY.



SPIRIT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

ROMISH MISEDUCATION.

Romish Assumptions--Why Rome is the Enemy of Our Public School System.

MISEDUCATED CONSCIENCE.

In continuing our study of Romish means and methods, we must note that the plans of the old hierarchy are deep, wide and far-reaching—having the intent to cover all the realms of human activity in thought, action, and life. All must be brought under the exclusive sway of priestly domination; there must be no part of the man omitted from the grasp and control of the church. The mental nature and the moral, the intellect and the moral sense, the mind and the conscience—all must be poured into the Romish mould, to be shaped and fashioned after the Romish ideal, into an absolute conformity of mentality, religious thought and moral conceptions or conscience, to the Romish standard—adapted to Romish uses and purposes. The Romish moulding process gives a Romish tinge or character to all the attitudes and acquired aptitudes of the mind and conscience. To leave any part of the mental activities of man FREE, would imperil the power of the church. FREEDOM and Rome are incompatible, always and everywhere—whatever appearance of friendship the church may, for the accomplishment of her deep designs, temporarily assume. Her history as well as her innate character establishes this fact—she is friendly, that she may undermine and betray.

Closely allied with an education in positive ignorance—the Romish type of education—is a conscience miseducated; and both are essential to the Romish and priestly ideal of the perfect "religions" man and woman. What must be the character of the conscience of one who has been taught by churchly authority that the omission (by a momentary lapse of memory) of a word, while repeating the prescribed forms of prayers, Ave Marias, Pater nosters, litanies, etc., etc., is a sin, to be punished by "penance" imposed by a priestly confessor, or a "Superior"?

The result of a miseducated conscience may be plainly seen in the biographies of noted devotees of the Romish church, in all ages. An intelligent person whose mental and moral faculties have not been warped and beclouded by the Romish process of education, cannot fail to be astonished and disgusted while reading the biographies and autobiographies of many noted saints and others. Some of the effects of the Romish, perverted education are seen in the accounts related in Romish books, of self-inflicted and priest-inflicted penances and punishments for "sins" of omission or commission, or for supposed sinfulness. As an instance, take the "Life of St. Rose of Lima." She appears to have been born with an abnormal development of the phenological faculty of "veneration," which, joined to a perverted "conscientiousness"—both miseducated by Romish education—led her to the infliction of self-imposed tortures that, to a healthy mind, are amazing in their cruelty and folly. And, as if to encourage other devotees to emulate her example of unhealthy religiosity "run mad," she was "canonized" as a saint by the church, mainly, it would seem, if not entirely, because of this manifestation of insane religious folly.

What shall we say of a person whom abnormal conscience or perverted education leads to self-punishment for imagined sinfulness, by inflicting upon himself or herself the torture of kneeling on hard, dry peas for a long time; walking about with peas in the shoes; wearing a torturing "crown of thorns" on the head; a necklace full of sharp needles piercing the flesh; and other forms of torture in variety and kind almost unimaginable and incredible to one who has not read Catholic literature—and all as a means of holiness, to be attained through suffering physical pain? The thought seems to be: I am a miserable sinner—I will scourge my body and inflict tortures upon my sinful self, that I may purify my heart and secure the favor of Jesus and Mary." As though there were any purifying moral influence in physical pain and torture; or, as though the Divine favor could be gained by the infliction of torture on one's self. What a heathenish conception of religious soul-medication! Surely the conscience that leads to such egregious folly is miseducated.

FURTHER ROMISH MISEDUCATION OF CONSCIENCE is seen in the teachings of the church. For example, the *Glossa* upon Can. 2, cap. 15, teaches the damnable doctrine that: "The Pope can give dispensations against the gospel, the apostles, and the law of nature." And *Glossa*, cap. 4, Ex. Johannis, xxii, says, as if to clinch the matter beyond peradventure: "Whosoever shall presumptuously venture to maintain that our Lord God the Pope cannot thus decree, let him be holden as a heretic."

Again: "The Pope can annul and cancel every possible obligation arising from an oath." Lessius, Lib. ii, cap. 42. "A child may steal from his father, so much as the father would have given to a stranger, for compensation." Escobar, Theol. Mor., vol. iv, p. 348. "Servants may steal from their masters as much as they judge their labor worth, more than the wages they receive." Cardenas, Cris. Theol., Dia. 23. Surely a very comforting doctrine to the conscience of the servant of thievish propensities; and an encouragement to theft—more especially from "heretics," with whom "no faith is to be kept." It will be vehemently denied by priests and Jesuits that this atrocious and immoral doctrine of "no faith to be kept with heretics" has ever been taught by the church; but it can be thoroughly established, by authorities to reject which would—according to other Catholic tenets—involve the sin of heresy! being the decrees of Popes themselves, and which all "good Catholics" are bound to believe and obey. Perhaps, though, a Pope, having power to "give a dispensation against the gospel, the apostles," [including, of course, the apostle Peter, "the first Pope," and "head of the church," "Keeper of the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, etc.] "and the law of nature," can give a dispensation against the decrees of another Pope, and thus clear the might be heretic. A Pope can do wonderful things! But the subject grows on me, and must receive further attention in another article. In some future article I will relate a chapter of personal psychic experience. I think the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will find it interesting and instructive, both as a psychic study and as an illustration of Romish means and methods. U.

BEAUTIFUL.

How many sweet lessons of spirit care and kind service, of different phases, we might learn, had we "eyes to see and ears to hear" what our good friends on "the other side" are doing and saying. I had a cherished lesson of this kind but yesterday.

For several days my notice had been attracted to a little girl apparently about ten years of age, who came to get her meals in the same restaurant where I was taking mine. She was thinly clad, but her garments were clean and neat, and she wore a little white sort of cap. She appeared innocent and child-like in her demeanor, though there was somewhat in her expression or look that seemed to indicate a greater age in her life-experience than her years would properly involve. Her features were plain, but fair—by no means outwardly beautiful. What it was that attracted my special attention to her, I cannot say—perhaps the quiet influence of some kind spirit friend of hers or mine.

Yesterday morning she sat at the opposite side of the same table with me. While we were waiting for our food to be brought, I became mentally conscious of a spirit presence, that wished to be discerned, for some reason. On looking up, I saw clairvoyantly a lady standing close behind the little girl. As my vision became more clear, I saw that she seemed to have an especial interest in the little one—her look, her expression, her attitude, her movements, all seemed to show a feeling of deepest love and tenderest care for one who was her especial charge and ward. Standing closely behind, she enveloped, surrounded, the little girl with her own spiritual aura, that seemed to glow with a beautiful luminosity—an aureole encompassing them both. The little one, while apparently not conscious in the least of the presence of her spirit friend, yet seemed to me to be much affected by her silent, loving influence. The life and mentality of the spirit being thus beautifully manifested, seemed to enter into the mentality and life of her little ward, as a helpful, guiding, prompting, silently-moving, ever-gracious force, working only for good. It was not omnipotent; it might be resisted, and thwarted; might be treated shamefully and subjected to sorrow such as angels may feel, but always and ever constant in its love and devotion.

I gazed on the beautiful scene in silent rapture, saying within myself: "Beautiful!—Beautiful!—Beautiful!"

Then the query arose in my mind, and I mentally asked the question, what relationship the spirit bore to the little girl: mother? sister? or what?

Turning a kindly look upon me, while still she lovingly surrounded the little one in her luminous enfoldment, she said to me: "I am her SPIRIT-mother."

The thought came as a surprise to me—it may be familiar to others, but to me it came as a new revelation, that I do not yet fully understand. Further developments in this case may bring further light and instruction in things spiritual—further lessons in the science of the spiritually good, the true, and the divinely "beautiful."

I wish to learn more of the significance and import of the term: "Spirit-mother." Not merely the spirit of a mother who has passed to spirit-life, and is watching over her children yet in earth-life; that is not the import of the term, "SPIRIT-mother."

[While I have been engaged in putting this in type, in the office of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, words, thoughts, have been "coming" to me, explaining in some measure the meaning, and in another little essay I will be pleased to tell the reader more about the beautiful import of the dear name, SPIRIT-mother.]

Chicago, Aug. 14, '92, J. C. UNDERHILL.

The Evolution of The Devil. By Henry Frank. It contains 66 pages, divided into ten chapters, and is gotten up in the best style of pamphlet form. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"Immortality," A Poem, in five cantos, "If a man die, shall he live?" is fully answered. By W. S. Barlow, author of Voices. Price 60 cents. For sale at this office.

"The Religion of Man," by E. D. Babbitt, M. D. This is a most excellent work, replete with suggestive thoughts, and calculated to interest and instruct. Price, \$1.25; postage, 10

A Sunday at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

THE IMPRESSION OF A CHICAGOAN.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Spiritualists' camp grounds at Mt. Pleasant, Clinton, Iowa, are located one mile west of the center of the city, in an oak grove, naturally attractive and picturesque; but it is not to be presumed that it is alone the beauty of nature's handiwork that attracts and holds the hundreds who resort thither from day to day during the season of the camp. Without doubt the chief motive is to be found in the desire for knowledge of humanity's destiny, and for enjoyment of that "feast of reason and flow of soul" which is so generously given from the inspired fountains of the new, and yet the oldest, of all philosophies.

Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings is the star speaker at the camp just now, August 14 to 18, and a brilliant star she is. To those who have witnessed exhibitions of her versatile talents it will not appear to be exaggeration to say that she is as effective an advocate as the cause of Spiritualism has to-day. Clear-cut, practical, logical, and with fine rhetoric she elucidates the lessons of Spiritualism so plainly that he who runs may read. Her Sunday afternoon (August 14) discourse was an answer to the question from one of the audience: "Is Spiritualism a commodity to be bought and sold?" This gave Mrs. Richings a fine opportunity to set out the true nature and import of the Spiritual movement. Spiritualism, said she (or her inspirers) was God made manifest in humanity, and could no more be bought and sold than could any other truth; nor could humanity be shut off from the great source of its being more than one could bottle up the sunlight. We are all parts of the Divinity, and there had always been, is now, and would always continue to be, an inspiration, a spiritual impulse, from the ineffable center of Godhood, outward to the uttermost borders of being. This inspiration to mankind was because of the law of God, and could no more cease than God himself could cease. Here, then, was the answer to the orthodox assumption that the fountain of inspiration had ceased its flowing with the writing of the Christian Bible. Mrs. Richings now had a word for the carping critic. She said that mediums could not be expected to give their time to investigators for nothing, so long as they required the ordinary sustenance of human beings. As to the phenomena of Spiritualism, they were the basic stone of the great Spiritual Temple, which, like nature's vast edifice, was roofless and being ever built upward and upward. Some Spiritualists were content to receive continued evidences of a future life; they were mere test-hunters, and not at all concerned with the philosophy, nor willing to make practical use of the knowledge they were so assiduously accumulating. Then again, she disliked to hear so much about the development of mediums. Her idea was that men and women would do much better to endeavor to develop themselves into good and honest individuals, and good and true mediumship would come in good time.

The evening lecture of Mrs. Richings was also in answer to questions, and to some extent in continuation of the same subject as that of the afternoon lecture. She would, said the speaker, in no degree belittle the phenomena, which she considered to be the basic stone of the temple, as some had inferred from her remarks in the afternoon. By and through her own mediumship had she been given the firm rock of knowledge, in place of the unsteady, swinging bridge of the orthodox faith, as to the fact of personal immortality, and surely she should be, and was, the last person to disparage the true function and value of mediumship. Upon the basis, she would build the grand temple of Spiritual truth in all its developments. Again, why were there lying spirits? Mrs. Richings was asked. Because, said she, the investigator himself largely furnishes the conditions under which the medium must give the message. It was the life of each individual that formed the doorway through which the unseen visitors entered. You might not, just at the particular time of your sitting with a medium, be guilty of the practice of any deception toward her, but if your essential character, made from the web of your life, was to any extent false and untrue, that element would furnish the chief condition of the seance, and spirits of your own stamp of character would be attracted to you. What a lesson here for condemnatory investigators to take to heart! Will they do it? To both investigator and medium, Mrs. Richings' advice was, "be honest." Nothing short of a stenographic report could do justice to such a lecture as that of this speaker, and I have only barely outlined some of the salient points—those that impressed me most, and this in my own inadequate language, conscious that I have not done the inspired utterance justice, and fearful lest I may have done it a positive injustice.

The management of the camp has been exceedingly fortunate this year in securing the attendance of so good a corps of mediumistic talent. Among the materializing and slate-writing mediums, Mrs. Mabel Aber, of Kansas City, Mo., is doing good work, and is in great demand. She is giving universal satisfaction, and I speak from experience when I say that the manifestations occurring at her slate-writing seances forever settle for the candid recipient the well-known question of Job of old. C. E. Winans, Jennie Moore and Mrs. W. L. Thompson are also on the grounds, and reported to be doing good work. Mrs. A. F. Ackerly is giving materializations in the light with success. Mrs. Olie Denlow has been at the camp, and, according to report, made an excellent record, and her departure was much regretted. Many good test and psychometric mediums are on the grounds—Mrs. Cutler, Virginia Rowe, Mrs. Partridge, Mrs. Lindsey, Dr. J. Temple, Fred Cordean White and Dr. J. C. Phillips, all well-mentioned. If all are like the latter, whom the writer approached in cognito, and thus surreptitiously obtained a reading, it may safely be affirmed that that

which is hidden shall be, and is, revealed to the clear seeing eye of the spirit. Mrs. Anna Orvis, inspirational speaker, singer and poetic improvisatore, is a host of herself, and fills an important niche in the work of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association. Mrs. Orvis is comparatively new as a speaker, but her discourses and remarks in answer to questions are always clear, able and close to the subject in hand. Prof. J. S. Loveland, the honored President of the Association, venerable, yet robust and mentally vigorous as he is, evinces in his able discourses at meetings, and in his ever gentle and dignified bearing, the ripened and clarified spirit within, which knows of a verity that for man there is a high and noble destiny. Long may his earthly life be preserved to carry on the good work he is so well qualified to perform. The efficient and affable secretary, Mr. Will C. Hodge, looks business, acts business, talks business, and he is business, and proposes to see that the camp, at its business end, is run strictly on business principles, and in the interest of the great cause he loves so well; nor does it take the seventh son of a seventh son to prophecy that it will be thus run so long as Hodge is at the helm. He's a worker in this Hodge, and he sits on the proper pedestal—the right man in the right place. My letter is already too long, but of a verity not a tithe of the things I have seen and heard at Mt. Pleasant camp has yet been told.

A. M. GRIFFIN.

Gone.

In commemoration of a dear sister who passed from mortal life the 3d of September, 1885:

Sister, thou hast reached the shore
Where the light is streaming o'er
Faces glad forever more;

Where thy weary feet may stand
Resting on the golden strand
Of that pure and radiant land,

Where is heard the welcome song,
From the glorious angel throng,
As it rings the shores along,

Whence our mother came erstwhile,
From her home on that "blest isle,"
Greeting with angelic smile!

Then in triumph through the air
Bore thee to her home so fair,
First of all its joys to share!

Where the fadeless flowers bloom,
Blessing all with rich perfume,
All unknown to winter's gloom!

Where amid the splendors rolled
Wonders that can ne'er be told,
Nor long ages e'er unfold.

But amid those raptures wild
Has remembrance of thy child
Half thy happiness beguiled?

Thou hast left thy loved ones lone,
And their hearts have tender grown
Weeping round thy marble stone.

But from out that realm of bliss
Thou wilt oft return to this
And thy tender infant kiss;

And unto thy husband, dear,
Thou wilt come his heart to cheer,
And press back the rising tear;

And beneath the shades of night
He'll behold a vision bright
Of thine angel form of light.

Thou hast gone while in thy prime,
Garnered in the summer time,
For that land of life sublime!

Where thy shining pathway gleams
Brighter than the radiant beams
Of the sweet Elysian dreams!

Fain would we have met once more,
Ere thou'ldst press the mystic shore;
But for aye that time is o'er!

And we needs must come to thee,
When from earthly fetters free,
In the golden time to be.

—O. W. Barnard. Manteno, Ill.

Wayside Pickups.

Kind words to children are the little "hope buds," which in later years will blossom into sweet flowers and fruit of lasting beauty and usefulness.

There is more "death frost" in this life than was ever intended by the Creator. "Health, health; life, life," the eternal fiat of nature.

Eat simply what you really need,
Beyond this is swinish greed;
Keep your passions in control,
Then Health's sunbeams can reach the soul.

Thousands are waiting at the gate-exit of spirit-life to pass out and again come in contact and close communion with earthly friends.

Loving deeds are the sweet-scented apple-blossoms of the soul's life, and he who cultivates the soul's garden will ever have an abundance of fruitful deeds to distribute over life's often sad pathway.

Speak not harshly to a child,
They are sunbeams from above;
And their prattle, like the flowers,
Marks the mile-posts to God's love.

"You brute! Yes, and I say you mean brute!" And he mauled the poor horse up the hill, and loudly swore because the poor thing could draw no more. He did not lighten the load one single stick, only from the load just one did pick, to strike a more stinging blow. Just then my little girl passed by, with fire of wrath shooting from her eye, and fired at him these words: "You brute!"

G. S. GREEN, M. D.

Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Lake Brady (O.) Notes.

TO THE EDITOR:—Sunday, August 15th, there was an immense audience. Rabbi S. Schindler lectured, Mrs. Kibblin gave tests, in the forenoon. In the afternoon L. C. Howe lectured to a big audience, and Frank T. Ripley gave some fine tests. Test after test were given that were very marked. When Mr. Ripley said, "Now I am through for to-day," the audience called out: "Go on! go on!" Mr. Ripley is doing an excellent work here. He seems to be the peer of any test-medium now before the public.

People here want tests; they want something besides preaching. As one gentleman remarked: "I came thirty miles to hear the tests." At Lake Brady the management stand by its mediums in all things. REX.

SECONDS MR. JACOBS.

A New Spiritual Song-Book.

TO THE EDITOR:—I endorse every word of Brother Jacobs' essay on song service, and if such a book as he speaks of is gotten up at the price he suggests, I will be one of the first to subscribe for it, but it must be to all intents and purposes SPIRITUAL!

There is not, as far as I know, a collection of songs that is anyway near right. "Psalms of Life," offered to Spiritualists some years ago, is across between Christian and Spiritual. "Christian Life Songs," a late work by S. W. Straub, of Chicago, is very good in its own place, and contains a few Spiritual gems, but as a whole it is too Christian. The well-meant efforts of some individuals to supply, in a measure, this great want, is very inadequate. "Gospel Hymns," popularized by Moody and Sankey, has a few good pieces, such as "The Sweet By-and-by," "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," and "Shall We Meet Beyond the River;" but one is disgusted to see on almost every page such hymns as "At the Feet of Jesus," "Just a Word for Jesus," and "Look Away to Jesus." I have nothing to say against Jesus, but I protest against putting his name in the place of his precepts, with the evident intent of encouraging adoration of his person instead of exemplifying his life and teaching; and I cannot be a party to teaching, in song and sermon, a substitutionary penal atonement, which has deceived more souls than it ever saved. We must remember that the religion of the gods is being superseded by the religion of man, and sing in unison with that.

"Let me make a nation's songs," said one, "and I care not who makes its laws." This gives the true idea of the power of song in forming public sentiment.

We want a system of song that will embrace and express the highest principles to which Spiritualists have attained, ranging from the simple cradle hymns, by which the mother lays the foundation of a spiritual education in the mind of her child, up to the profoundest thought of the maturest minds. Following the suggestions of Mr. Jacobs, these hymns should be set to appropriate music, and that is the work of a master, the same hymn being always sung to its own tune. The two—hymn and tune—we will call a song. Mr. Straub has set a good example in selecting the name of the song from the words. For instance:

"There is a light, a shining light,
Ever warm and pure and bright."

The words taken for the name are "The Shining Light."

Our objection to the use of old melodies, however good, is that they are liable to bring up old, obsolete ideas so long associated with them. There are, however, a few songs which progressive minds have already brought into use, and which, radical though I be, I would not like to part with, as they have been my solace when nothing else could give me comfort. These will be mentioned later on.

With these remarks I second Brother Jacobs' motion, and as he has referred the matter to you, I respectfully ask you to put the question to your large audience: Shall we have a new book of Spiritual songs, for the use of Spiritualists in all their assemblies, camp-meetings, families and circles? R. N.

Late Notes from Lake Brady, Ohio.

TO THE EDITOR:—To-day, August 10th, Mrs. H. S. Lake, of Boston, delivered the finest lecture of the season. Her inspiration was grand. She addressed the audience in our forest arena, under the shadows of the grand old trees, and while she poured her soul-transcending, magnetic words out to us, she seemed to be transformed into a veritable angel in human form. During her engagement at camp she has proved herself the most enchanting of speakers. The gentle roar of the summer wind, as it rushed through the green tree-tops overhead, seemed to be a fitting song for so enchanting a situation.

Time has had a good effect upon Mrs. Lake, for it has softened her and toned her down to the level where she is really a beautiful woman, especially when she is under the inspiring influence of her spirit-guides. During her discourse to-day, she answered the following questions: "What is God?" "Do you believe that whatever is, is right?" "What is the highest attainment in Spiritualism?" All were answered in her usual good style. Mrs. Lake is now confined to her room with a temporary attack of nervous prostration.

The people at Brady camp have demanded of her that she stay with us another ten days, and as she is now indisposed, it looks as though she could not get away, and that we will have the pleasure of hearing her again. Our camp is in a flourishing condition, and will be so as long as the right speakers and mediums are employed, and no one of these mediums or speakers is allowed to dictate as to who shall be our "Moses" to teach the truths that man receives from the spirit side of life.

J. W. DENNIS.

PLEASE CONSIDER.

To every new trial or yearly subscriber we will send free the first four numbers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER containing the interesting story by Hudson Tuttle. We want as many as possible to read this remarkable production from his inspired pen. The four numbers alone contain many valuable articles, which every one should read, and which alone are worth more than the price of a year's subscription. The paper is sent three months for 25 cents, each new trial subscriber receiving 17 copies. This offer is good so long as this notice appears.

The subscriptions are flowing in, attracted by the story, "The People who are Damned," by Hudson Tuttle. The paper is sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

A Blot on Christianity—Murder.

In "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," it is stated as historical truth that during 1280 years 10,000,000 human beings suffered death, and many by the most cruel tortures that Christian minds could invent." The above is quoted from a communication found in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of August 6, 1892.

In considering such immense slaughtering of mankind, by those professing to be Christians, followers of the meek and humble Nazarene, one of two or three things only may be noted as absolutely true: If Jesus was God, or the Son of God, he must have been conscious of all these murdered people's suffering, yet he had it in his power to prevent the same, but did not do so; else, on the other hand, the murderers were not true Christians. No true Christian or follower of Jesus Christ ever did or ever will be guilty of taking the life of a fellowman.

The audacious murderers of 10,000,000 human beings all professed to be Christians, and were gathered together in the name of Jesus Christ, who declared that "where two or three were gathered together in his name, there he would be in their midst!" If that declaration be true, then is it not a truth that he sanctioned said murderers' doings by his presence, having power to prevent them, but did not? Otherwise he was not God, nor even the Son of God, if there really is a personal God, which latter hypothesis I emphatically declare to be a fallacy, which belief does, of course, knock the professed Christian religion or its absurd dogmas into nonentity. The truth is, the so-called Christian religion, as taught in all the various denominational churches of our day and time, has become so mixed up with unreasonable, or untenable, doctrines, that its saving power is no more to be realized, and, therefore, we must seek for a genuine soul-saving from-sin religion, which modern Spiritualism now offers in the most rational form conceivable to the minds of progressive and enlightened human beings.

E. D. BLAKEMAN.

Waves of Inspiration.

They are moving constantly over the face of this planet. They are the result undoubtedly of deific vibrations. Take, for example, the following, which illustrates how these waves are caught by the sensitive mind: The air-brake was a creature of George Westinghouse's youth. He had invented it before he was 21 years of age, and nearly a quarter of a century has passed since he saw his invention applied with success to a railway train. It has gone upon record as one of the great achievements. The air-brake was suggested to him on the inspiration of the moment, but that is not infrequently the beginning of great inventions. The suggestion of the desirability of the electric current came to Edison one summer Sunday afternoon as he stood with Professor Barker, of the University of Pennsylvania, watching a majestic piece of mechanism in operation at the Wallace works in Ansonia. The hint of the telephone was received in an instant almost by Bell, and the suggestion of the quadruplex telegraph came to Edison, as he once said, "between two thoughts." Ericsson received the hint of the screw propeller as he watched a fish swimming in a quiet pool, and Westinghouse had the first suggestion of the air-brake while in a railway accident. His train was brought to a standstill, and they told him that a collision had occurred, and then it seemed to him that it should be possible to invent some mechanical appliance which would give an engineer command of a train such as he did not possess in the use of the throttle and the reversing lever. He turned this idea over in his mind, and, being skillful with his hands and having the capacity of the inventor, he constructed in a little while the first model of the air-brake. It happened that not long afterward he was in Chicago, and he met an inventor who thought that to him had come the inspiration for the perfect brake, and had such faith in this inspiration that he had worked it out and secured patents for his design. Westinghouse said: "I, too, have a scheme for a railway brake which will enable the engineer to apply the brake from the engine to the last car, and will bring a train to a standstill in far less time than the hand brake now in use can do." "Ah, but," the older inventor said, "you cannot make a brake which will do these things without infringing upon my patents." "I can and will," replied young Westinghouse, and within a year he had done his work and found himself a famous man.

What are these inventions but the result of inspirations—from whatever source they may emanate? OMEGA.

The Lilies and the Mud Turtle.

TO THE EDITOR:—An article in a late issue of God's greatest blessing to humanity, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, from the pen of Allie Lindsay Lynch, in regard to Moses and Mattie Hull, did my soul good. I am personally acquainted with them.

Now, to the following remarks, please note I was sitting on the bank of a small pond, with fishing-rod, trying to tempt a carp to be so foolish as to catch on to the piece of bread attached to a hook. A little way out upon the waters blue was a bed of lilies all in full bloom. While admiring their beauty and loveliness, there came within their midst the black head of a monstrous mud-turtle. Now what did the lilies do? Did they sink, or swim away, or close up their white dresses and spread their green mantillas over their entire forms? Not at all; but each and every one made a pretty bow, and seemed to enjoy the presence of the ancient who had so suddenly put in an appearance. They did not say: "I am holier than thou," but seemed to feel it a pleasure to associate with the others belonging to the Watery Kingdom. Now to Mrs. A. L. Lynch: She has formed the acquaintance of two as good souls as walk this earth, Moses and Mattie.

STUART L. ROGERS.

A Lesson in Kindness.

TO THE EDITOR:—That a divine lesson can be learned from animals sometimes is well known. Read the following and reflect thereon: "Never among mankind can we find so absolute and complete absorption of the individual by the social group as in the cities of ants and bees, where individual property has never, it seems, been imagined. In these republics what one citizen has for herself belongs to the others. Does a hungry bee meet one laden with booty returning to a city, she lightly taps her on the head with her antennae, and instantly the latter hastens in a sly way to disgorge part of the nutriment provisionally stored in her own stomach. Ants proceed in the same way as bees, but in addition the ant thus sustained is very careful to show her gratitude. 'The ant who feels the need of food,' says Huber, 'begins by tapping her two antennae, with a very rapid movement, upon the antennae of the ant from whom she expects succor. Immediately they may be seen approaching one another with open mouth and extended tongue, for the communication of the liquid which one passes to the other. During this operation the ant who receives nourishment does not cease to caress the friend who is feeding her, continuing to move her antennae with singular activity.' The collective system of property must have lasted among ants and bees for many thousands of years, for, apart from cases of demoralization such as may for example be produced among bees by giving them a taste for drunkenness, these intelligent insects show the most absolute deference and devotion to social property. The primitive selfishness has broadened out into a collective or patriotic egoism. But these very social species, with their more than Christian charity, have not reached this high degree of civilization at one bound. In the ant and bee worlds, as in our own, there are savages. There are still at the present time certain species of ants ignorant of the division of labor carried so far among their civilized congeners."

What can be grander than this spectacle of one bee or ant charitably feeding another? There are human beings not as kind. Let each one on earth manifest the same unselfish spirit, and the earth would soon become a paradise. D. M.

Letter from an Old Worker.

TO THE EDITOR:—I moved from Bangor, Maine, about twenty-seven years since to Vineland, N. J. I was gradually changing from the orthodoxy to Spiritualism, having occupied an orthodox pulpit for some fifteen years, and from cumulative evidence was thoroughly converted. I turned my lot in with the Spiritualists, and occupied the chair as President for years, and filling other offices, and trying one-fourth of a century, lecturing, etc., to give that light to the world which will, when known and lived, redeem humanity. I published *The Rostrom*, a Spiritual paper, at Vineland, some four years. About eight years ago I lost a home by fire, which loss damaged me, financially, about \$4,000. I had invested in lands here in Rosenhayn, N. J., and some two years since moved here, having built a store here some fourteen years since. I built a large hall, dedicated to liberty, being used also as an Opera House, and other parts for rent, store, etc. My wife having mediumship, we started circles, and have made some converts, and some mediumship is being developed. I am now past the sixty-fifth mile-stone in earth-life, and now want some one to come to my aid and help carry on the work. I have store and tenement overhead, three stories above basement, blacksmith shop, meat shop, and several hundred lots, which I want to sell to some younger person, or sell an undivided interest. I am in the real estate business, and want some one to come here who is a Spiritualist, who will devote time and talent to bless the world. To one of this class I will give a rare bargain. We have a growing town; brick, button and other manufacturing. If I do not sell, I want to get some one capable to come here on some condition and do real estate business, etc. Anyone out of business, write for particulars to me.

Rosenhayn, N. J.

A. C. COTTON.

Instantaneous Cure.

TO THE EDITOR:—Sometime in the early fifties, my brother Homer, now in Washington, and myself were stacking wheat. We had a large rick begun, and just after dinner we found that it seemed to be slipping. He was trying to fix up some props, and let a fence-post, with a sharp corner, fall on the instep of his foot. Having on a thin boot, it made a bad looking bruise, giving him intense pain. I sprang for the water-jug, but before I got to him his hand was influenced, and shaking a moment, it came down on his foot, and clasped the bruise for a minute, and then was flung away. He put on his boot, and we went for a load of wheat, and from time to time as he was pitching I asked about his foot. It did not pain him, and gave him no more trouble. S. L. EMERY.

A Prophecy.

We have a little private circle here, Mrs. Tabor being the principal medium, that meets weekly. At our last two meetings President Lincoln reported. On inquiry he confirmed the truthfulness of Nettie C. Maynard's book. He says: "President Harrison will be reelected, but it will not be many years before the labor question will precipitate this nation, together with Canada and England, into a bloody war, as sanguine as the late war of the rebellion." Mr. Lincoln confirms what Robert Dale Owen says in his book on "The Spirit World," that he belongs to a Congress of Spirits that hold their sessions in the fifteenth sphere. Many of our distinguished statesmen are also members, as Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, the Adamses, Jackson, etc., etc. Nettie Colburn Maynard reported at our last sitting and said she had found in the person of one of our mediums (Mr. Sheets) an instrument through whom she hoped to complete a work she had left unfinished when she passed over. Hot Springs, Ark. Dr. C. D. HAY.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1892.



A SPIRITUALIST?

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE BOOKS OF MODERN TIMES. BY MRS. N. C. MAYNARD. EVERY SPIRITUALIST IN AMERICA SHOULD READ IT.

The Poor Chinaman Badly Mixed.

There are (says the *Inter-Ocean*) so many sects of Christians in China and Japan, each teaching a different belief about Christ and the Trinity that the poor Chinaman is all mixed up. First the Methodists, Baptists and Catholics asked the heathen to worship Christ as God. Then the Unitarians taught that Christ was only a good man, like Buddha. Then Edwin Arnold, the great Agnostic, came and put Buddha over Christ—made Buddha "the light of Asia." Going down to Ceylon, Mr. Arnold showed his adoration for a tooth of Buddha, kept there as a relic. One day the reporter tried to get at the belief of a converted Chinaman, and asked him a few questions, which he answered in "pidgin" English.

"John," I said, "you have heard the preaching of Christians, Unitarians and Agnostics. Now, what do you think about Buddha and Christ—about the Trinity?"

"Me no savee Trinity. Fiolejan Joss vely culio. Begin time have got one Melican Joss man—he talkee me this fashion: 'Toside (orthodox Christians) have got tee piece Joss, no belonge due tee piece—belongee alle same one. One piece—alle same tee piece.'"

"How can?"

"Bimeby he show me plover. He have got one book, inside talkee alle same fashion he show me. Must can tue. So soon me cathee 'Clisten' he pay me do pidgin he house wagee \$2 more large nother man."

"So you embraced Christianity, did you? and then what happened?" I asked.

"That Joss man go away, new piece come. (Unitarian.) He too belong Joss man (Unitarian) vely near alle same fashion before master. Me no savee this pidgin! He have got book alle same as first time Joss man, inside, he roodee different fashion. He talkee no belong mix'em up tee piece Joss alle same tee, tue only got one piece, no more. I go he house do pidgin. This time plover one man Joss."

"And then you became a Unitarian, did you?"

"Yes, me cathee Clisten one piece God."

"And you are now a Unitarian Christian?"

"No, me changee more. Me see one makee book man (Edwin Arnold). He alle same foreign man. He toside. He self do China Joss alle same me before do. He chin chin Buddha. He like big book. He say Buddha alle like—alle same Cliste."

"Then with the Methodists preaching trinity and Christianity, and the Unitarians preaching God without Christ, and Edwin Arnold preaching Buddha the same as Christ, you are all mixed up, John?"

"Yes, tee fashion Joss. How can savee? Who Joss man plover? Why Joss plover? Me go back Buddha. So many Joss men. So many piece Joss makee Chinamen tired. Good boye."

The talk of the poor Chinaman is just as sensible and as easily understood as much that comes from the pulpit, and uttered by learned divines.

Satisfactory tests are making at Sandy Hook with a ten-inch gun and a disappearing gun carriage. The apparatus is one of the novelties of improved ordnance. You sight your gun in a pit, raise and fire it, let it recoil to its original position. Compressed air is the operating and resisting force of the machine.

IT IS REALLY DELIGHTFUL TO DIE.

It Is Like Going on a Pleasure Excursion or to a Picnic.

Death Is as Natural as Being Born, and Should be Welcomed.

It Is Like Being Invited to a Feast.

A narration from personal experience of how it feels to die is an interesting addition to the little we know on a matter of pre-eminent interest. People who have suffered what virtually was death by drowning have described the sensations of the struggle and the surrender; and a few who have been hanged into insensibility have come back to life to tell how it feels to die. A European scientist, too, has lately collected much evidence about the sensation felt by persons falling from lofty places. The testimony from all these sources is practically unanimous that the passing from life to death is painless, peaceful, and usually pleasurable. The return to consciousness is usually the reverse of these conditions, being often exceedingly painful, a fact which might be taken by the pessimistic as an indication that it is better to die than to live.

An interesting case of a man who has come back from death to life is that of Michael Blume, who some weeks ago was twice strung up to a beam by a rope around his neck by a mob of lynchers near Fresno, Cal. Blume was in jail at Sanger, near Fresno, on a charge of being implicated in a murder. Feeling against him ran high, and one night a mob of people took him from the poorly-guarded jail and endeavored to extort a confession from him. His hands were tied, he was made to stand on a barrel, and a rope was passed over a convenient beam and fastened in a noose around his neck. He declared he had nothing to confess, and after some parley the barrel was knocked from under him, and at the same time he was jerked up toward the beam by the lynchers pulling on the rope.

A few days later Blume described his sensations at the end of the rope:

"I expected to die. They pushed me off and I felt my neck crack. Then I heard a harsh, grating sound, which I now suppose was caused by the rope being drawn over the beam as the men were hauling me up. Consciousness was of very short duration. There was no pain after my neck cracked. I seemed to be swimming in air that was intensely dark, but I thought I was in some familiar place. It was like a dream. I seemed to be floating away faster and faster, and lighter and lighter, until I passed into nothingness."

"I did not know when I was let down. I returned to consciousness as gradually and as painlessly as I had passed away. It was like a vision, very strange and wonderful, and gradually I thought I was returning from some place, I did not know where, and by some means, I knew not what. The first thing I remember was seeing the eyes of the men who were standing around me. I saw nothing but their eyes at first; but gradually I could see their forms, and knew that they were men; but still it seemed like some dream. At last I came to myself, and was able to get upon my feet. The rope had been loosened."

Another attempt was made to extort a confession, but the dazed and half dead man declared he had nothing to confess, and after a few minutes spent in that way the lynchers again stood Blume on the barrel and again hauled him up.

"I did not drop as far as before. At any rate my experience was not quite the same. I was conscious of a painful and somewhat long struggle. But as I grew weak and exhausted I quit struggling and experienced the same almost enjoyable sensations. I passed painlessly into nothingness. My return to consciousness was about the same as before, except that an acute sense of distress was associated with my other feelings of dimly seeing and hearing things."

We ourselves have heard similar testimony from a gentleman of intelligence and education, who practically experienced the sensations that attend dissolution. He had been sick with a fever, and to all appearances died. He thought he was dying, and his friends thought he was dead. If he had really passed into death instead of into the corpse-like trance from which he subsequently revived, he would have suffered no additional pang. His report was that the sensation of dying was physically pleasurable, a relief and a luxury; and all of the physical pain and mortal distress that attended his remarkable experience were the sensations that accompanied the struggle back to life.

Such cases confirm the evidence already accumulated that the actual grip of death is a friendly, kindly clasp, that the pains of death are like the pleasures of life, greatest in the anticipation, and however severe the struggle may seem to an onlooker, dying is as painless, because as natural, as falling asleep.

The above incidents from the New York Sun illustrate a fact with which Spiritualists should be familiar. That death is an ordinance of nature, and not to be feared, should be recognized by all.

DEATH BY HANGING—EXPERIMENTAL HANGING, ETC.

Those who have witnessed the process of dying have often concluded that the person was subject to the most intense pain and agony. The upturned eyes, distorted features, contracted muscles, pale, haggard expression of countenance, seemed to indicate that such is the case, and those in attendance tread softly and breathe lightly, as if stillness would assuage the agony of the last moments. Oh! how solemn the scene and how mournful the tones of those present! The very air seems sad, and the wind bears upon its bosom sympathetic thrills. Then all faults are forgotten. The good traits of the dying one are pictured in most brilliant colors, while his bad ones are buried beneath the gentle hand of charity. But death is not always painful, as generally supposed. The transition in most cases is accompanied with no suffering.

Dr. Warren well says: "When the blood ceases to be oxygenated, physical sensibility is destroyed, and the oxygen-

ation of the blood being accomplished by the lungs, if these organs are obstructed, a proportionate privation of sensibility will necessarily be the result. The lungs are the weakest of all the great vital organs; they ordinarily begin to die sooner than other parts, and their function is actually suspended before that of other organs. Thence it follows that the oxygenation of the blood being gradually suspended, the privation of nervous sensibility immediately ensues, and there can be no suffering. These theoretical notions are supported by fact. So far as my experience goes, if a dying man be asked whether he suffers pain, he will, in the greater number of instances, answer in the negative; yet there may be at the same time a frightful appearance of distress."

"My opinion, therefore, founded on a great number of observations of the character above mentioned, is that death is not generally painful, and that Nature, 'like a kind mother,' while she surrounds its idea with imaginary terrors, has contrived the animal organization in such a way as to produce a natural anodyne in depriving the blood of oxygen. There will be found, no doubt, exceptions in chronic diseases already alluded to, as arising from physical causes, and there will be another class of exceptions, of a different nature from moral causes, such as the recollection of a bad life."

That relic of barbarism, hanging, is looked upon as the most thrillingly painful of all deaths, and therefore one of the best safeguards to society, and the most efficient preventative to crime. The very presence of this inhuman instrument of death would seemingly deter any person from committing any outrageous deed. Of course, but few examples are on record where persons are resuscitated after passing through the severe ordeal of hanging. *Chamber's Journal* gives an account of a house-breaker named Smith, who was hanged at Tyburn, Dec. 24, 1705, and when he had hung nearly fifteen minutes the people shouted, "A reprieve!" He was cut down, bled and recovered. When asked what his feelings had been he replied in substance that when he was turned off, he for some time was sensible of very great pain, occasioned by the weight of his body, and felt his spirits in a strange commotion, violently pressing upward; that having forced their way to his head, he, as it were, saw a great blaze of glaring light, that seemed to go out of the eyes with a flash, and then he lost all sense of pain. That after he was cut down and came to himself, the blood forcing itself into its former channels put him in such intolerable pain that he could have wished those hanged who cut him down. Ever afterward he went by the name of Half-hanged Smith.

One would naturally suppose that the sensations would be of the most horrible character, and the pains of the keenest kind, but such is not the experience of those who by some overlooked-for accident have escaped the final dissolution. During the reign of Louis the XIII., a prisoner sentenced to be hanged was saved by the breaking of a rope, and then taken back to prison. The Emperor considering the nature of his crime, and the peculiar character of his escape, offered him a reprieve, but he spurned it with perfect contempt, saying, "It is delightful to die." While strangulation was taking place, and life gradually fading away, he caught a glimpse of the grandeur of the Spirit-world, and having passed the painful stage of his execution, the sensations that followed were to him delightful; and under those circumstances he would not accept a reprieve. Having felt the pangs of death, he did not wish to live, but desired the execution to be put into immediate effect.

At one time, in France, there existed a society, each member of which tried the experiment of hanging, skillful attendants being present who carefully examined the pulse, that the process might not be carried too far. To them the sensations that followed were delightful in the extreme, and they often repeated the experiment. On a certain occasion, however, one was left a moment too long by his valet, who stepped out while his master was hanging, for a glass of beer, and remaining away a moment too long, on his return he found him dead! We are led to believe from these experiments that strangulation by hanging is not as painful as many imagine. It is true that great muscular contractions take place, and the distortions that follow would seem to indicate great suffering, yet the best authenticated experience on record bears us out in the conclusion that such is not the case. Indeed, we think that strangulation by hanging is far preferable to instant decapitation, and measurably less painful.

A writer in the *Saturday Review*, in relation to hanging, etc., says: "Various persons have at different times been recovered after reaching the stage of insensibility, and their accounts, if trustworthy, tend to show that the hanging is so pleasant a process that but for its final results, it would be worth while to indulge in it occasionally, by way of amusement. The recovered persons, it is said, agree that the unconscious is 'quite momentary,' that they then have a vision of beautiful colors, and speedily become unconscious. Similar accounts are generally given by people who have recovered from drowning; and, indeed, physiologists tell us that so far as can be discovered, death is generally a more painless process than we are apt to suppose. If this be the case, our sympathy with the hanged is so far thrown away, and we might relieve the anxiety of expecting sufferers by giving them the most authentic accounts of the operation which they are about to undergo."

"It must be admitted, indeed, in any case, that the worst part of hanging, or any other form of execution, is probably that very unpleasant half-hour which must be passed previously to the performance. If our object be to diminish suffering, we must consider, not the actual pang inflicted at the instant, but the preliminary impression upon the imagination. For this purpose there is considerable evidence which would demand attention."

It may be regarded, then, as delightful

to die, even hanging, from the evidence given, being not so terrible, after all. Then why shed such bitter tears at the grave? Why wear mourning at all? Why render one's self miserable because a dear friend has passed to a higher and better realm? Why, too, expend so much money in a fashionable funeral over the remains, which are no more sacred than the equal weight in soil? Why should any one feel bereaved when in the due course of the time the spirit has stepped up higher?

The Slimy Octopus Is No Myth.

Some of our tender-hearted readers have seriously chided us for holding up the methods of the Romish church to the light. Their argument is that all the horrid things so graphically described in the story of the "Convent of the Sacred Heart," were incidents of the long ago, revamped by the author to produce a greater effect on the readers; but while we admire their liberality of sentiment, and the generosity of soul that would give all liberty of thought and freedom of action, we cannot concede their premises as regards this concentration of evil thought and malign action. There are animals like the rattlesnake, the copperhead, the python, the man-eating tiger, whose death and utter destruction would be a blessing to man. In the Romish church are concentrated all the evil selfishness, all the murderous malice, all the demonic intent of the centuries. That has been the thought of its supporters, and by the great law of affinity they have drawn to themselves, from the whole universe, the same quality of thought. Their motives, plans and objects are the same to-day as they were when Torquemada, a vampire incarnate, at the head of the "Holy Inquisition," drenched Europe in blood.

Silently and secretly they are enmeshing the world once more in their coils. The same damnable spirit, intensified, still governs all their actions from the Pope to the humblest priest; with them the laity counts nothing, only as the mine from which is wrung the money needed for forging the chains we wear. A Vienna correspondent of a daily paper, writing under date of July 14, 1892, says:

"A dramatic incident has just been exciting the population of Goritz. In one of the convents in that old clerical city the abbess, who exacts ascetic rules from the inmates with savage ferocity, had shut up a young nun and kept her without nourishment for three days. This poor girl (whose beauty excited the jealousy of the old nuns) had a horror of convent life and meditated taking flight on the first occasion which presented itself. This was, of course, a deadly crime. This rebel creature must be tamed, and this by punishing her young body. She was shut up in her cell and perfect fast was ordered her, the abbess saying that this punishment had always had the best results; she had thus conquered the most obstinate. For three days the poor novice endured the pangs of hunger without manifesting any signs of repentance. This rebellion exasperated the Mother Superior, who said, 'She shall die if she will not yield,' and the other old nuns approved this language. However the young girl was not without friends; three young nuns, moved with pity, resolved to implore the pity of the public, and uttered such piercing screams and cries that they were heard by the passers-by outside the walls. An ugly rumor of ill treatment spread about the town, and armed men had to be called in to prevent the public applying lynch law to the odious abbess. A pity, for she would only have had what she merited."

Does this look as if their diaboleries were a thing of the past? "A dramatic incident!"—that is cool-blooded, to say the least.

Sleep on, friends, while the net is woven. When you find your schools, your government, your wives and sisters, in the power of this "mother of harlots," and the Pope elected President of the United States for life, then, perhaps, you will wonder why we said so little, instead of scolding us for our religious intolerance. Religious! Faith! the meekness of some of our friends is a weariness to the flesh. We know that the above audacious plan is mapped out by the Jesuit leaders who are managing the Romish campaign in America.

SENT FREE! SENT FREE!!

We have a large number of extra copies containing the remarkable story by Hudson Tuttle. The first four numbers will be sent free to every new subscriber, whether for three months or one year. These four papers contain, besides the story by Mr. Tuttle, many exceedingly valuable articles, some of which are equal in merit to articles that appear in leading magazines. Thus you see that each trial subscriber will get seventeen papers for 25 cents, which will be worth to him at least \$1. Please call your neighbor's attention to it. This offer will only remain good so long as this notice appears.

Finest Hall in the State.

TO THE EDITOR:—Hamburg, Iowa, has the finest hall in the State, called the Lyceum, built for the purpose of advancing the cause of Liberalism and Spiritualism. It was erected by Fred W. Toedt, the leading Liberal and Spiritualist of this city. This evening the dedicatory speech was delivered by John E. Remsburg, the eloquent orator of Atchison, Kansas. A. S. Bailey, an earnest worker for the cause of universal mental liberty, introduced the speaker of the evening in an appropriate address. Mr. Bailey is from our sister city, Shenandoah, Iowa, where he "makes Rome howl" occasionally, from being unable to answer the questions he puts to them. Chas. Cowles furnished music free, as he has always done. Mr. Cowles' playing contributes largely to the attendance of the lectures. Liberal and Spiritual lecturers generally have a large audience here. Among our workers are U. S. Golden, D. R. Thompson, Wade Sperry, S. D. Thompson and F. W. Toedt.

E. T. DALBEY.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

Remember, everyone, that, on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movement of lectures and mediums. Meetings, which are doing a grand work, are of local interest only, hence we cannot publish long reports with reference to them. They are too numerous for that. A few lines explanatory of the good work being done are always acceptable. A great deal can be said of a meeting in a dozen lines, giving a "general survey" only of the glorious work being done.

The many friends in Chicago, as well as hundreds of strangers to Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, who have enjoyed the privilege of attending the meetings conducted by these excellent mediums in Washington Hall, corner Washington boulevard and Ogden avenue, for the past two Sundays, are unanimous in the verdict that it is indeed wonderful to witness the remarkable work performed by these instruments of the Spirit-world at each morning and evening session. The speaking and powerful singing of Mr. Perkins, who is assisted by his wife in these branches also, paves a harmonious way for the startling tests that follow. The doctor gave a number of remarkably correct tests by psychometric readings, and also from the date of birth. Mrs. Perkins is one of the most thorough clairvoyants there is upon the platform to-day, and her trance manifestations in private are said to be extraordinary. The original system of conducting the public service and developing classes employed by these successful workers is worthy of notice from many public workers. They certainly illustrate what can be done by the combined efforts of talents and mediumistic gifts, when properly utilized. Their private address is 27 N. Ada street, this city.

Bishop A. Beals writes from the Delphos (Kansas) camp meeting: "I find the people here earnest honest-hearted, loyal to the cause of progress, and determined to make their camp-meeting a success. They have a beautiful grove situated two miles from Delphos and well located as to other roads and easy of access. The officers are gentlemen and show a courtesy to strangers that is refreshing. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has the hearts of these good yeomen of the soil and is highly recommended by all."

Mrs. S. M. Bartholomes informs us that the favorable rates on the railroads to the Denver camp-meeting were not granted. It was supposed they would be, and hence so published.

"The Impending Conflict with the Papal Empire," is the title of a pamphlet by Lubonius. It contains much valuable data to show that the Catholic church is the enemy of all progress. It is in harmony with the teachings of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Sunday entertainments are forbidden by law in New York, but there were openly advertised for Sunday a sacred Damosch concert at the Amphitheater, with sacred selections from Zampa—usually played at a sacred circus—and sacred ballet music from Boadbill, sacred dancing and whistling at the Madison square roof garden, sacred Spanish dancing, fencing and bird warbling at the Cairo roof garden, and sacred w.x statuary and the sacred Hungarian band at the Eden Musee.

J. P. Marstern writes: "Allow me to express my high appreciation of one of the best mediums that it has been my pleasure to meet: I refer to Mrs. Julia M. Walton, 306 Clinton street, Jackson, Mich. My experience with this gifted lady began about six months ago."

Henry Frankson, of La Crosse, Wis., speaking of Dr. Slade, says: "His lectures are grand indeed, and give the best of satisfaction. I have had several convincing sittings with him." A. E. Ourat says: "I have found him a perfect gentleman in every respect. He has been staying at my hotel and has made many converts." Mrs. L. F. Holmes says: "He gave me tests in slate-writing that were satisfactory. He is very much of a gentleman."

E. Pickup, of Lowell, Mass., writes: "Today, August 14, we have held two very successful grove meetings, being the largest in attendance that we have held during the season. The Rev. Will L. Lathrop, of Fall River, lectured, and Miss Mary B. Williams, of Fall River, gave tests and answered questions, which greatly pleased and edified the large audiences. Mrs. Bally, of Boston, gave a number of psychometric readings. This society desires to recommend these mediums to those societies who are engaging mediums for the coming season."

U. G. Figley writes: "Moses and Mattie Hull spoke three evenings in Openlanders Hall, Sherwood, O. August 8 and 10, to good houses. They created quite an impression, especially did Moses' narrative of his religious experiences from Methodism via Adventism to Spiritualism. F. D. Dunakin, of Cecil, O., has been delivering spiritual lectures monthly in Sherwood to interesting audiences."

Mrs. Mary E. Faron, of New York, writes: "My son and I are natural-born mediums. He is a slate writer and clairvoyant. I possess the gift of healing. Three years ago I cured some cases pronounced incurable by the doctors."

Mrs. Hattie Davis, of Bishop Court hotel, of this city, and Mrs. F. A. Koehler, of St. John's place, are now visiting Lily Dale camp-meeting. Mrs. Davis is an excellent medium.

Mrs. H. L. Bigelow, of San Jose, Cal., writes: "Your valuable paper arrives every week and is a welcome visitor; in fact, I hardly know how we would get along without it. Yesterday I attended the lyceum here, afterwards the adult class, of which I am the leader, and in the afternoon had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake at Germania hall. There was an attentive audience who listened to her address, or talk rather, to us—words as it were spoken from friendly lips to sympathetic ears. She also lectured in the evening on 'Ancient and Modern Spiritualism.'"

Prof. W. H. Chaney, of Chicago, is spending a few weeks with A. H. Postel, a wealthy manufacturer of Philadelphia, who contemplates establishing an astrological college in the East.

S. K. Hall, of Washington, D. C., writes: "What if it does cost two cents and a little time to say, 'Give me a quarter and let me send you THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER—for a trial a few weeks.' It is rare that any one refuses who sees the paper, and so your income is maintained and the good work enlarged. We are sorry to lose Mr. Perkins and wife, for they were regarded here as sincere, earnest workers and splendid mediums. They made many friends, and should they come again, in a better season, I think they would not fail to be universally appreciated."

Dr. J. C. Phillips writes from the Clinton Camp: "Everything is lively here. Mrs. Richings is a host. The weather is very hot."

Mrs. F. L. Bigelow, of San Jose, Cal., writes: "On Sunday, August 14, a mediums' meeting was organized to take the place of the adult class, to be held in Champion Hall, First street, immediately after the closing of the lyceum, from twelve till one o'clock. Mrs. E. M. Keys, chairman. H. L. Bigelow, assistant."

A subscriber writes from Onset: "F. A. Wiggins spoke to full 7,000 here on Sunday, and gave tests which were all recognized; he gave a test to an old captain, which happened forty years ago, and it was recognized by fully twenty or more ladies and gentlemen."

Mrs. M. A. Clayton, who has been visiting Onset, will now visit the Lake Pleasant camp meeting. She sends us a good list of subscribers, for which she has our thanks.

S. N. Stout, 442 Dunham street, Burlington, Iowa, wants the address of Mrs. S. A. Jewett.

Dora Downey, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "The Home Medium's Society has surely been watered with the spirit of truth; its rapid growth has been looked on with surprise by the old fogies who predicted its failure. We have proudly stepped up in number and much interest is being shown in the good work, aided by spirit intelligence. May we all lead such lives of honor that will prove there is strength, honor and strength in Spiritualism."

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins expect to hold meetings in Madison hall, opposite Union street, down nearer the business center, after this week; the Washington hall being previously engaged for September.

"The Relation of Spiritualism to Phrenology," by Prof. J. F. Hartmann, psychometric readings by Lizzie Kelley Hartmann, at corner Ada and Randolph Streets, next Sunday afternoon.

Moses and Mattie Hull are in New England. Mrs. Hull will, if desired, make engagements in that part of the country during September and October.

Marguerite St. Omer has a few dates open for lectures in 1892 and 1893. Can be addressed at Fitchburg, Mass., lock box 1656.

Why the Power of the Church Is Waning.

An intelligent lady, in discussing the causes that led to her withdrawal from the Presbyterian church, into which she had been born and baptized, said that out of six trustees of the church to which she belonged one only was considered honest in his daily business life. Of course they fairly represented the people for whom they acted, or they could not have held office amongst them. It is a wonder that conscientious, truth-loving people, seeking for that which is better than their own work, as a help and guide in life, were first astonished, then discouraged, and finally driven away in disgust by the time-serving and truckling of the church to that which they constantly denounce as sin and abomination. The August *Forum* strikes out from the shoulder at the real causes of the decay of the modern church:

"Church members are accused of being first and most merciless in cutting down the wages of helpless girls while maintaining their own salaries and dividends. A report is made of one employer who gave largely and with much applause to the building of a church, and then deducted the cost of it from the wages of his help. And such men as these are the pillars of the churches, occupy the chief seats, fill the highest offices, impart to them their tone, and welcome the workingman if he comes as a beneficiary, which his self-respect resents. When lock-outs and strikes occur, the churches and preachers side with the employer, deride labor organizations, sneer at their leaders, and throw the weight of their influence against them. Seldom is the church just enough even to be neutral. It is a mammoth institution; it belongs to the plutocrats, and gives disgusting exhibition of its servility when it grovels at the feet of a public robber until he throws it in contempt a few thousands out of his ill-gotten millions."

The orthodox church of to-day is simply a trades-union or social club, by which the members hope to increase their business and improve their fortunes.

Notes from S. L. Burdick.

The Spiritualists of Southwest Michigan held their annual meeting at Lake Cora the 7th inst., re-electing W. R. Sime, of Paw Paw, President; Mrs. Alvira Hadley, of Decatur, Vice President; Mrs. L. M. Warner, Treasurer, and M. H. A. Sorter, of Lawton, Secretary.

Mrs. Adah Sheehan, of Cincinnati, gave us good sound Spiritualism, without an adulteration of ancient superstition. Mrs. S. also spoke at the Vicksburg camp-meeting on the 14th inst., holding her audience spellbound. Mrs. Sheehan is a fearless speaker, being well-grounded in a knowledge of the truths she advocates; her inspiration treats of the here and now. Mrs. S. gave notice that a camp-meeting would materialize near Cincinnati next year.

L. S. BURDICK.

The Queen of England and the Prince and Princess of Wales have selected the designs for the tomb of the late Duke of Clarence. The marble to be used for the sarcophagus was presented to the royal family by the Empress of Austria. Mr. Gilbert is to be the sculptor.

Her majesty the queen is somewhat sensitive in the matter of her authority as sovereign of a nation fast growing democratic. To a member of her court who said, "I suppose they will make several new peers now that Mr. Gladstone is in," Victoria replied with emphasis, "They?"

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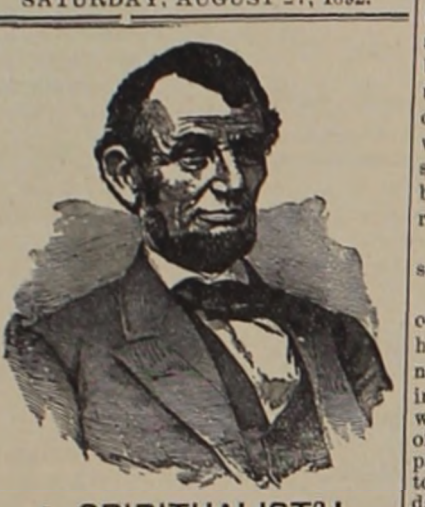
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1892.



A SPIRITUALIST?

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE BOOKS OF MODERN TIMES. BY MRS. N. C. MAYNARD. EVERY SPIRITUALIST IN AMERICA SHOULD READ IT.

The Poor Chinaman Badly Mixed.

There are (says the *Inter-Ocean*) so many sects of Christians in China and Japan, each teaching a different belief about Christ and the Trinity that the poor Chinaman is all mixed up. First the Methodists, Baptists and Catholics asked the heathen to worship Christ as God. Then the Unitarians taught that Christ was only a good man, like Buddha. Then Edwin Arnold, the great Agnostic, came and put Buddha over Christ—made Buddha "the light of Asia." Going down to Ceylon, Mr. Arnold showed his adoration for a tooth of Buddha, kept there as a relic. One day the reporter tried to get at the belief of a converted Chinaman, and asked him a few questions, which he answered in "pidgin" English.

"John," I said, "you have heard the preaching of Christians, Unitarians and Agnostics. Now, what do you think about Buddha and Christ—about the Trinity?"

"Me no save Trinity. Fioleign Joss vely cullio. Begin time have got one Melican Joss man—he talkee me this fashion: 'Topside (orthodox Christians) have got tee piece Joss, no belongee tlee tee piece—belongee alle same one. One piece—alle same tee piece.'"

"How can?"

"Bimeby he show me plover. He have got one book, inside talkee alle same fashion he show me. Must can tlee. So soon me cathee 'Clisten' he pay me do pidgin he house wagee \$2 more large than man."

"So you embraced Christianity, did you? and then what happened?" I asked.

"That Joss man go away, new piece come. (Unitarian.) He too belong Joss man (Unitarian) vely near alle same fashion before master. Me no save this pidgin! He have got book alle same as first time Joss man, inside, he makee different fashion. He talkee no belongee mixem up tlee piece Joss alle same tlee, tlee only got one piece, no more. I go he house do pidgin. This time plover one man Joss."

"And then you became a Unitarian, did you?"

"Yes, me cathee Clisten one piecee God."

"And you are now a Unitarian Christian?"

"No, me changee more. Me see one makee book man (Edwin Arnold). He alle same foreign man. He topside. He self do China Joss alle same me before do. He chin chin Buddha. He lite big book. He say Buddha all lite—alle same Cliste—"

"Then with the Methodists preaching Trinity and Christianity, and the Unitarians preaching God without Christ, and Edwin Arnold preaching Buddha the same as Christ, you are all mixed up, John?"

"Yes, tlee fashion Joss. How can save? Who Joss man plover? Why Joss plover? Me go back Buddha. So many Joss men. So many piece Joss makee Chinamen tired. Good bye!"

The talk of the poor Chinaman is just as sensible and as easily understood as much that comes from the pulpit, and uttered by learned divines.

Satisfactory tests are making at Sandy Hook with a ten-inch gun and a disappearing gun carriage. The apparatus is one of the novelties of improved ordnance. You sight your gun in a pit, raise and fire it, let it recoil to its original position. Compressed air is the operating and resisting force of the machine.

IT IS REALLY DELIGHTFUL TO DIE.

It Is Like Going on a Pleasure Excursion or to a Picnic.

Death Is as Natural as Being Born, and Should be Welcomed.

It Is Like Being Invited to a Feast.

A narration from personal experience of how it feels to die is an interesting addition to the little we know on a matter of pre-eminent interest. People who have suffered what virtually was death by drowning have described the sensations of the struggle and the surrender; and a few who have been hanged into insensibility have come back to life to tell how it feels to die. A European scientist, too, has lately collected much evidence about the sensation felt by persons falling from lofty places. The testimony from all these sources is practically unanimous that the passing from life to death is painless, peaceful, and usually pleasurable. The return to consciousness is usually the reverse of these conditions, being often exceedingly painful, a fact which might be taken by the pessimistic as an indication that it is better to die than to live.

An interesting case of a man who has come back from death to life is that of Michael Blume, who some weeks ago was twice strung up to a beam by a rope around his neck by a mob of lynchers near Fresno, Cal. Blume was in jail at Sanger, near Fresno, on a charge of being implicated in a murder. Feeling against him ran high, and one night a mob of people took him from the poorly-guarded jail and endeavored to extort a confession from him. His hands were tied, he was made to stand on a barrel, and a rope was passed over a convenient beam and fastened in a noose around his neck. He declared he had nothing to confess, and after some parley the barrel was knocked from under him, and at the same time he was jerked up toward the beam by the lynchers pulling on the rope.

A few days later Blume described his sensations at the end of the rope: "I expected to die. They pushed me off and I felt my neck crack. Then I heard a harsh, grating sound, which I now suppose was caused by the rope being drawn over the beam as the men were hauling me up. Consciousness was of very short duration. There was no pain after my neck cracked. I seemed to be swimming in air that was intensely dark, but I thought I was in some familiar place. It was like a dream. I seemed to be floating away faster and faster, and lighter and lighter, until I passed into nothingness."

"I did not know when I was let down. I returned to consciousness as gradually and as painlessly as I had passed away. It was like a vision, very strange and wonderful, and gradually I thought I was returning from some place, I did not know where, and by some means, I knew not what. The first thing I remember was seeing the eyes of the men who were standing around me. I saw nothing but their eyes at first; but gradually I could see their forms, and knew that they were men; but still it seemed like some dream. At last I came to myself, and was able to get upon my feet. The rope had been loosened."

Another attempt was made to extort a confession, but the dazed and half dead man declared he had nothing to confess, and after a few minutes spent in this way the lynchers again stood Blume on the barrel and again hauled him up. "I did not drop as far as before. At any rate my experience was not quite the same. I was conscious of a painful and somewhat long struggle. But as I grew weak and exhausted I quit struggling and experienced the same almost enjoyable sensations. I passed painlessly into nothingness. My return to consciousness was about the same as before, except that an acute sense of distress was associated with my other feelings of dimly seeing and hearing things."

We ourselves have heard similar testimony from a gentleman of intelligence and education, who practically experienced the sensations that attend dissolution. He had been sick with a fever, and to all appearances died. He thought he was dying, and his friends thought he was dead. If he had really passed into death instead of into the corpse-like trance from which he subsequently revived, he would have suffered no additional pang. His report was that the sensation of dying was physically pleasurable, a relief and a luxury; and all of the physical pain and mortal distress that attended his remarkable experience were the sensations that accompanied the struggle back to life.

Such cases confirm the evidence already accumulated that the actual grip of death is a friendly, kindly clasp, that the pains of death are like the pleasures of life, greatest in the anticipation, and however severe the struggle may seem to an onlooker, dying is as painless, because as natural, as falling asleep.

The above incidents from the New York Sun illustrate a fact with which Spiritualists should be familiar. That death is an ordinance of nature, and not to be feared, should be recognized by all.

DEATH BY HANGING—EXPERIMENTAL HANGING, ETC.

Those who have witnessed the process of dying have often concluded that the person was subject to the most intense pain and agony. The upturned eyes, distorted features, contracted muscles, pale, haggard expression of countenance, seemed to indicate that such is the case, and those in attendance tread softly and breathe lightly, as if stillness would assuage the agony of the last moments. Oh! how solemn the scene and how mournful the tones of those present! The very air seems sad, and the wind bears upon its bosom sympathetic thrills. Then all faults are forgotten. The good traits of the dying one are pictured in most brilliant colors, while his bad ones are buried beneath the gentle hand of charity. But death is not always painful, as generally supposed. The transition in most cases is accompanied with no suffering.

Dr. Warren well says: "When the blood ceases to be oxygenated, physical sensibility is destroyed, and the oxygen-

ation of the blood being accomplished by the lungs, if these organs are obstructed, a proportionate privation of sensibility will necessarily be the result. The lungs are the weakest of all the great vital organs; they ordinarily begin to die sooner than other parts, and their function is actually suspended before that of other organs. Thence it follows that the oxygenation of the blood being gradually suspended, the privation of nervous sensibility immediately ensues, and there can be no suffering. These theoretical notions are supported by fact. So far as my experience goes, if a dying man be asked whether he suffers pain, he will, in the greater number of instances, answer in the negative; yet there may be at the same time a frightful appearance of distress."

"My opinion, therefore, founded on a great number of observations of the character above mentioned, is that death is not generally painful, and that Nature, 'like a kind mother,' while she surrounds its idea with imaginary terrors, has contrived the animal organization in such a way as to produce a natural anodyne in depriving the blood of oxygen. There will be found, no doubt, exceptions in chronic diseases already alluded to, as arising from physical causes, and there will be another class of exceptions, of a different nature from moral causes, such as the recollection of a bad life."

That relic of barbarism, hanging, is looked upon as the most thrillingly painful of all deaths, and therefore one of the best safeguards to society, and the most efficient preventative to crime. The very presence of this inhuman instrument of death would seemingly deter any person from committing any outrageous deed. Of course, but few examples are on record where persons are re-enslaved after passing through the severe ordeal of hanging. *Chamber's Journal* gives an account of a house-breaker named Smith, who was hanged at Tyburn, Dec. 24, 1705, and when he had hung nearly fifteen minutes the people shouted, "A reprieve!" He was cut down, bled and recovered. When asked what his feelings had been he replied in substance that when he was turned off, he for some time was sensible of very great pain, occasioned by the weight of his body, and felt his spirits in a strange commotion, violently pressing upward; that having forced their way to his head, he, as it were, saw a great blaze of glaring light, that seemed to go out of the eyes with a flash, and then he lost all sense of pain. That after he was cut down and came to himself, the blood forcing itself into its former channels put him in such intolerable pain that he could have wished those hanged who cut him down. Ever afterward he went by the name of Half-hanged Smith.

One would naturally suppose that the sensations would be of the most horrible character, and the pains of the keenest kind, but such is not the experience of those who by some unlooked-for accident have escaped the final dissolution. During the reign of Louis the XIII., a prisoner sentenced to be hanged was saved by the breaking of a rope, and then taken back to prison. The Emperor considering the nature of his crime, and the peculiar character of his escape, offered him a reprieve, but he spurned it with perfect contempt, saying, "It is delightful to die." While strangulation was taking place, and life gradually fading away, he caught a glimpse of the grandeur of the Spirit-world, and having passed the painful stage of his execution, the sensations that followed were to him delightful; and under those circumstances he would not accept a reprieve. Having felt the pangs of death, he did not wish to live, but desired the execution to be put into immediate effect.

At one time, in France, there existed a society, each member of which tried the experiment of hanging, skillful attendants being present who carefully examine the pulse, that the process might not be carried too far. To them the sensations that followed were delightful in the extreme, and they often repeated the experiment. On a certain occasion, however, one was left a moment too long by his valet, who stepped out while his master was hanging, for a glass of beer, and remaining away a moment too long, on his return he found him dead! We are led to believe from these experiments that strangulation by hanging is not as painful as many imagine. It is true that great muscular contractions take place, and the distortions that follow would seem to indicate great suffering, yet the best authenticated experience on record bears us out in the conclusion that such is not the case. Indeed, we think that strangulation by hanging is far preferable to instant decapitation, and measurably less painful.

A writer in the *Saturday Review*, in relation to hanging, etc., says: "Various persons have at different times been recovered after reaching the stage of insensibility, and their accounts, if trustworthy, tend to show that the hanging is so pleasant a process that but for its final results, it would be worth while to indulge in it occasionally, by way of amusement. The recovered persons, it is said, agree that the unconsciousness is 'quite momentary,' that they then have visions of beautiful colors, and speedily become unconscious. Similar accounts are generally given by people who have recovered from drowning; and, indeed, physiologists tell us that so far as can be discovered, death is generally a more painless process than we are apt to suppose. If this be the case, our sympathy with the hanged is so far thrown away, and we might relieve the anxiety of expecting sufferers by giving them the most authentic accounts of the operation which they are about to undergo."

"It must be admitted, indeed, in any case, that the worst part of hanging, or any other form of execution, is probably that very unpleasant half-hour which must be passed previously to the performance. If our object be to diminish suffering, we must consider, not the actual pang inflicted at the instant, but the preliminary impression upon the imagination. For this purpose there is considerable evidence which would demand attention."

It may be regarded, then, as delightful

to die, even hanging, from the evidence given, being not so terrible, after all. Then why shed such bitter tears at the grave? Why wear mourning at all? Why render one's self miserable because a dear friend has passed to a higher and better realm? Why, too, expend so much money in a fashionable funeral over the remains, which are no more sacred than its equal weight in soil? Why should any one feel bereaved when in the due course of the time the spirit has stepped up higher?

The Slimy Octopus Is No Myth.

Some of our tender-hearted readers have seriously chided us for holding up the methods of the Romish church to the light. Their argument is that all the horrid things so graphically described in the story of the "Convent of the Sacred Heart," were incidents of the long ago, revamped by the author to produce a greater effect on the readers; but while we admire their liberality of sentiment, and the generosity of soul that would give all liberty of thought and freedom of action, we cannot concede their premises as regards this conception of evil thought and malign action. There are animals like the rattlesnake, the copperhead, the python, the man-eating tiger, whose death and utter destruction would be a blessing to man. In the Romish church are concentrated all the evil selfishness, all the murderous malice, all the demonic intent of the centuries. That has been the thought of its supporters, and by the great law of affinity they have drawn to themselves, from the whole universe, the same quality of thought. Their motives, plans and objects are the same to-day as they were when Torquemada, a vampire incarnate, at the head of the "Holy Inquisition," drenched Europe in blood.

Silently and secretly they are enmeshing the world once more in their coils. The same damnable spirit, intensified, still governs all their actions from the Pope to the humblest priest; with them the lofty counts nothing, only as the mine from which is wrung the money needed for forging the chains we wear. A Vienna correspondent of a daily paper, writing under date of July 14, 1892, says:

"A dramatic incident has just been exciting the population of Goritz. In one of the convents in that old clerical city the abbess, who exacts ascetic rules from the inmates with savage ferocity, had shut up a young nun and kept her without nourishment for three days. This poor girl (whose beauty excited the jealousy of the old nuns) had a horror of convent life and meditated taking flight on the first occasion which presented itself. This rebel creature must be tamed, and this by punishing her young body. She was shut up in her cell and perfect fast was ordered her, the abbess saying that this punishment had always had the best results; she had thus conquered the most obstinate. For three days the poor novice endured the pangs of hunger without manifesting any signs of repentance."

"This rebellion exasperated the Mother Superior, who said, 'She shall die if she will not yield,' and the other old nuns approved this language. However the young girl was not without friends; three young nuns, moved with pity, resolved to implore the pity of the public, and uttered such piercing screams and cries that they were heard by the passers-by outside the walls. An ugly rumor of ill treatment spread about the town, and armed men had to be called in to prevent the public applying lynch law to the odious abbess. A pity, for she would only have had what she merited."

Does this look as if their diabolical were a thing of the past? "A dramatic incident!"—that is cool-blooded, to say the least.

Sleep on, friends, while the net is woven. When you find your schools, your government, your wives and sisters, in the power of this "mother of harlots," and the Pope elected President of the United States for life, then, perhaps, you will wonder why we said so little, instead of scolding us for our religious intolerance. Religious! Faugh! the meekness of some of our friends is a weakness to the flesh. We know that the above audacious plan is mapped out by the Jesuit leaders who are managing the Romish campaign in America.

SENT FREE! SENT FREE!!

We have a large number of extra copies containing the remarkable story by Hudson Tuttle. The first four numbers will be sent free to every new subscriber, whether for three months or one year. These four papers contain, besides the story by Mr. Tuttle, many exceedingly valuable articles, some of which are equal in merit to articles that appear in leading magazines. Thus you see that each trial subscriber will get seventeen papers for 25 cents, which will be worth to him at least \$1. Please call your neighbor's attention to it. This offer will only remain good so long as this notice appears.

Finest Hall in the State.

To THE EDITOR:—Hamburg, Iowa, has the finest hall in the State, called the Lyceum, built for the purpose of advancing the cause of Liberalism and Spiritualism. It was erected by Fred W. Toedt, the leading Liberal and Spiritualist of this city. This evening the dedicatory speech was delivered by John E. Remsburg, the eloquent orator of Atchison, Kansas. A. S. Bailey, an earnest worker for the cause of universal mental liberty, introduced the speaker of the evening in an appropriate address. Mr. Bailey is from our sister city, Shenandoah, Iowa, where he "makes Rome howl" occasionally, from being unable to answer the questions he puts to them. Chas. Cowles furnished music free, as he has always done. Mr. Cowles' playing contributes largely to the attendance of the lectures. Liberal and Spiritual lecturers generally have a large audience here. Among our workers are U. S. Golden, D. R. Thompson, Wade Sperry, S. D. Thompson and F. W. Toedt.

E. T. DALBEY.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

Remember, everyone, that on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums. Meetings, which are doing a grand work, are of local interest only, hence we cannot publish long reports with reference to them. They are too numerous for that. A few lines explanatory of the good work being done are always acceptable. A great deal can be said of a meeting in a dozen lines, giving a "general survey" only of the glorious work being done.

The many friends in Chicago, as well as hundreds of strangers to Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, who have enjoyed the privilege of attending the meetings conducted by these excellent mediums in Washington Hall, corner Washington boulevard and Ogden avenue, for the past two Sundays, are unanimous in the verdict that it is indeed wonderful to witness the remarkable work performed by these instruments of the Spirit-world at each morning and evening session. The speaking and powerful singing of Mr. Perkins, who is assisted by his wife in these branches also, paves a harmonious way for the startling tests that follow. The doctor gave a number of remarkably correct tests by psychometric readings, and also from the date of birth. Mrs. Perkins is one of the most thorough clairvoyants there is upon the platform to-day, and her trance manifestations in private are said to be extraordinary. The original system of conducting the public service and developing classes employed by these successful workers is worthy of notice from many public workers. They certainly illustrate what can be done by the combined efforts of talents and mediumistic gifts, when properly utilized. Their private address is 27 N. Ada street, this city.

Bishop A. Beals writes from the Delphos (Kansas) camp meeting: "I find the people here earnest honest-hearted, loyal to the cause of progress, and determined to make their camp-meeting a success. They have a beautiful grove situated two miles from Delphos and well located as to other roads and easy of access. The officers are gentlemen and show a courtesy to strangers that is refreshing. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has the hearts of these good yeomen of the soil and is highly recommended by all."

Mrs. S. M. Bartholomes informs us that the favorable rates on the railroads to the Denver camp-meeting were not granted. It was supposed they would be, and hence so published.

"The Impending Conflict with the Papal Empire," is the title of a pamphlet by Lubonius. It contains much valuable data to show that the Catholic church is the enemy of all progress. It is in harmony with the teachings of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Sunday entertainments are forbidden by law in New York, but there were openly advertised for Sunday a sacred Damrosch concert at the Amphitheater, with sacred selections from Zampa—usually played at a sacred circus—and sacred ballet music from Boadill, sacred dancing and whistling at the Madison square roof garden, sacred Spanish dancing, fencing and bird warbling at the Calro roof garden, and sacred wax statuary and the sacred Hungarian band at the Eden Musee.

J. P. Marstern writes: "Allow me to express my high appreciation of one of the best mediums that it has been my pleasure to meet: I refer to Mrs. Julia M. Walton, 306 Clinton street, Jackson, Mich. My experience with this gifted lady began about six months ago."

Henry Frankson, of La Crosse, Wis., speaking of Dr. Slade, says: "His lectures are grand indeed, and give the best of satisfaction. I have had several convincing sittings with him." A. E. Ourat says: "I have found him a perfect gentleman in every respect. He has been staying at my hotel and has made many converts." Mrs. L. Holmes says: "He gave me tests in slate-writing that were satisfactory. He is very much of a gentleman."

E. Pickup, of Lowell, Mass., writes: "To-day, August 14, we have held two very successful grove meetings, being the largest in attendance that we have held during the season. The Rev. Will L. Lathrop, of Fall River, lectured and Miss Mary B. Williams, of Fall River, gave tests and answered questions, which greatly pleased and edified the large audiences. Mrs. Bailey, of Boston, gave a number of psychometric readings. This society desires to recommend these mediums to those societies who are engaging mediums for the coming season."

U. G. Figley writes: "Moses and Mattie Hull spoke three evenings in Openlanders Hall, Sherwood, O. August 8 and 10, to good houses. They created quite an impression, especially did Moses' narrative of his religious experiences from Methodism via Adventism to Spiritualism. F. D. Dunakin, of Cecil, O., has been delivering spiritual lectures monthly in Sherwood to interesting audiences."

Mrs. Mary E. Faron, of New York, writes: "My son and I are natural-born mediums. He is a slate-writer and clairvoyant. I possess the gift of healing. Three years ago I cured some cases pronounced incurable by the doctors."

Mrs. Hattie Davis, of Bishop Court hotel, of this city, and Mrs. F. A. Koehler, of St. John's place, are now visiting Lily Dale camp-meeting. Mrs. Davis is an excellent medium.

Mrs. H. L. Bigelow, of San Jose, Cal., writes: "Your valuable paper arrives every week and is a welcome visitor; in fact, I hardly know how we would get along without it. Yesterday I attended the lyceum here, afterwards the adult class, of which I am the leader, and in the afternoon had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake at Germania hall. There was an attentive audience who listened to her address, or talk rather, to us—words as it were spoken from friendly lips to sympathetic ears. She also lectured in the evening on "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism."

Prof. W. H. Chaney, of Chicago, is spending a few weeks with A. H. Postel, a wealthy manufacturer of Philadelphia, who contemplates establishing an astrological college in the East.

S. K. Hall, of Washington, D. C., writes: "What if it does cost two cents and a little time to say, 'Give me a quarter and let me send you THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER—for trial a few weeks.' It is rare that any one refuses who sees the paper, and so your income is maintained and the good work enlarged. We are sorry to lose Mr. Perkins and wife, for they were regarded here as sincere, earnest workers and splendid mediums. They made many friends, and should they come again, in a better season, I think they would not fail to be universally appreciated."

Dr. J. C. Phillips writes from the Clinton Camp: "Everything is lively here. Mrs. Richlegs is a host. The weather is very hot."

Mrs. F. L. Bigelow, of San Jose, Cal., writes: "On Sunday, August 14, a mediums' meeting was organized to take the place of the adult class, to be held in Champion Hall, First street, immediately after the closing of the lyceum, from twelve till one o'clock. Mrs. E. M. Keys, chairman. H. L. Bigelow, assistant."

A subscriber writes from Onset: "F. A. Wiggins spoke to full 7000 here on Sunday, and gave tests which were all recognized; he gave a test to an old captain, which happened forty years ago, and it was recognized by fully twenty or more ladies and gentlemen."

Mrs. M. A. Clayton, who has been visiting Onset, will now visit the Lake Pleasant camp meeting. She sends us a good list of subscribers, for which she has our thanks.

S. N. Stout, 442 Dunham street, Burlington, Iowa, wants the address of Mrs. S. A. Jewett.

Dora Downey, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "The Home Medium's Society has surely been watered with the spirit of truth; its rapid growth has been looked on with surprise by the old fogies who predicted its failure. We have proudly stepped up in number and much interest is being shown in the good work, aided by spirit intelligence. May we all lead such lives of honor that will prove there is strength, honor and strength in Spiritualism."

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins expect to hold meetings in Madison hall, opposite Union street, down nearer the business center, after this week; the Washington hall being previously engaged for September.

"The relation of Spiritualism to Phrenology," by Prof. J. F. Hartmann, psychometric readings by Lizzie Kelley Hartmann, at corner Ada and Randolph Streets, next Sunday afternoon.

Moses and Mattie Hull are in New England. Mrs. Hull will, if desired, make engagements in that part of the country during September and October.

Marguerite St. Omer has a few dates open for lectures in 1892 and 1893. Can be addressed at Fitchburg, Mass., lock box 1656.

Why the Power of the Church is Waning.

An intelligent lady, in discussing the causes that led to her withdrawal from the Presbyterian church, into which she had been born and baptized, said that out of six trustees of the church to which she belonged one only was considered honest in his daily business life. Of course they fairly represented the people for whom they acted, or they could not have held office amongst them. Is it any wonder that conscientious, truth-loving people, seeking for that which is better than their own work, as a help and guide in life, were first astonished, then discouraged, and finally driven away in disgust by the time-serving and truckling of the church to that which they constantly denounce as sin and abomination. The August Forum thus strikes out from the shoulder at the real causes of the decay of the modern church:

"Church members are accused of being first and most merciless in cutting down the wages of helpless girls while maintaining their own salaries and dividends. A report is made of one employer who gave largely and with much applause to the building of a church, and then deducted the cost of it from the wages of his help. And such men as these are the pillars of the churches, occupy the chief seats, fill the highest offices, impart to them their tone, and welcome the workman if he comes as a beneficiary, which his self-respect resents. When lock-outs and strikes occur, the churches and preachers side with the employer, deride labor organizations, sneer at their leaders, and throw the weight of their influence against them. Seldom is the church just enough even to be neutral. It is a mammonized institution; it belongs to the plutocrats, and gives disgusting exhibition of its servility when it grovels at the feet of a public robber until he throws it in contempt a few thousands out of his ill-gotten millions."

The orthodox church of to-day is simply a trades-union or social club, by which the members hope to increase their business and improve their fortunes.

Notes from S. L. Burdick.

The Spiritualists of Southwest Michigan held their annual meeting at Lake Cora the 7th inst., re-electing W. R. Strline, of Paw Paw, President; Mrs. Alvira Hadley, of Decatur, Vice President; Mrs. L. M. Warner, Treasurer, and M. H. A. Sorter, of Lawton, Secretary.

Mrs. Adah Sheehan, of Cincinnati, gave us good sound Spiritualism, without an adulteration of ancient superstition. Mrs. S. also spoke at the Vicksburg camp-meeting on the 14th inst., holding her audience spellbound. Mrs. Sheehan is a fearless speaker, being well-grounded in a knowledge of the truths she advocates; her inspiration treats of the here and now. Mrs. S. gave notice that a camp-meeting would materialize near Cincinnati next year.

L. S. BURDICK.

The Queen of England and the Prince and Princess of Wales have selected the designs for the tomb of the late Duke of Clarence. The marble to be used for the sarcophagus was presented to the royal family by the Empress of Austria. Mr. Gilbert is to be the sculptor.

Her majesty the queen is somewhat sensitive in the matter of her authority as sovereign of a nation fast growing democratic. To a member of her court several new peers now that Mr. Gladstone is in. "Victoria replied with emphasis, 'They?'"

DUDE THEOLOGY.

Continued from 1st page.

ions of doctors of divinity. It is divinity doctored. Biblical code is supposed to be divine law. The opinions of Biblical scholars are the precedents that become what is called theology. A supposed divine code—and supposition of the meaning of that code, makes theology a much diluted supposition.

Theologians tell us what the Bible statements mean. As God failed to convey his law in clear, positive statements, men are appointed to interpret the meaning. Theologians should be infallible, but they are, alas, very much human and fallible; hence the various sects have interpreters who conflict and establish a Babel of opinion. Quibbles about what is meant by the first statements in Genesis are numerous, as they are about the meanings of Revelations. When it suits to interpret literally it is done; but when it must be only figurative in order not to conflict with science and reason, then so be it good theology to say so.

Genesis is not literally true—nor is Revelations—nowadays. These books (if true) are the most important statements for human satisfaction. If God could not reveal to us the actual facts of his creative labors in building an earth and its inhabitants, nor could he clearly tell us of the wonders of the immortal kingdom to come, what may we expect of value in the records that are to give us spiritual comfort in picturing the lives of Moses, Abraham, Noah, Daniel, Samson and Solomon? From their deceits, lies, murders, wars, incests and all manner of human ravages, we must draw spiritual lessons by a figurative process (?)

Shall we create a moral code that will tell us to "imitate the virtues" of such people, and shun their faults?

Surely we may find nobility of character far greater capacitated for us to employ time in studying. Socrates and the Greek scholars would afford better results. Confucius, Mohammed and Apollonius would instruct us. Shakespeare, Dickens and other writers of poetry and romance would give us better human lessons. Voltaire, Tom Paine, and Ingersoll would not lead us far astray for the highest impulses. Jefferson, Washington, Webster, Clay, Lincoln, and a vast number of American statesmen, would accelerate our ideas of duty to humanity. Longfellow, Tennyson, Whitman, Browning, Darwin, Emerson, Carlyle, Beecher, Denton, and Davis, and a host of present-day human inspirers are worthy of being given to history as "men called by God." Such theologians are valuable! They were not dudes. They have taught humanity its most valuable lessons. An interpreter is not needed. Intuition and reason are the authorities divinely appointed. Look at theology and witness its great work of continuing superstition—perpetuating myth and dogma—and you will see the great structure of human ignorance.

We need not flounder with theologians amidst the myths of creation. They cannot reconcile Genesis and geology. The woes of Adam and Eve need not trouble us. We cannot hope to solve philosophical problems by reading the Tower of Babel Incident. The deluge and Noah's ark may amuse us, but the sign of no more floods did not hold good at Johnstown. Where Cain got his wife is only a theological problem. Let those who have idle time try to solve it.

Will you ask a theologian and not a naturalist how Jonah could live in a whale's belly? You need not call the spirit of Joshua to ask him how the sun stood still. Ask a theologian! Brother Jasper tells us "The sun do move." Copernicus, Galileo, Herschel, Flammarion, and all astronomers cannot divinely comprehend, as can a theologian (?)

How God became directly the father of Jesus you must not question. How Jesus ascended bodily into the heavens you cannot discover, nor can you learn that he did, but you must believe it, for theologians say so. How the father can be the son, and the son the father, and who the Holy Ghost is; and how the three can be one, you must not try to understand. Theologians only can comprehend it! How he who came to save the Jews and was not allowed to save them can save us, who never had a Savior sent to us, you must ask the theologian. Don't try to understand the Scriptures yourself. You must read, but you must not reflect.

From our worldly ideas create a theological heaven where gold and precious stones feed your vanity. Obtain such a high idea of divine justice that you believe there is a hell which theology has created, where sinners will burn and suffer forever.

The Devil and hell are great helpers to the church. Without them the vicarious atonement and the theological profession would become obsolete. And they are rapidly being dispelled by the light of truth!

A Methodist minister, true to his calling, lately thanked God for an old-fashioned hell; and many of his deacons said "amen." The disciples of John Calvin find the sixteenth century theology will not do for the nineteenth, and under the opening promises of the twentieth century. Hence they propose to change the church creed, which has heretofore been the true exposition of God's will.

God, according to Calvinism, would save only a comparative few—by election. Prof. Briggs has discovered that Presbyterian probation will be embraced by "only a very small portion of the human race." So he will instruct God what to do. He will change the creed, and God will comply therewith. God has elected the chosen, but Presbyterians are going to tell him to "extend probation for those who have none now into a middle state." If Presbyterians shall not cause God to do that, they will "give the vast majority of mankind over to the Devil." Oh, shade of Calvin, art thou not much perturbed in thine occupancy of the middle state? You may have too much company ere long.

Catholics, Universalists, and Spiritualists have argued in behalf of extended probation. It is not a new discovery. Purgatory is a Catholic dogma. Final salvation is taught by Universalism. Eternal progression is the cardinal thought of Spiritualism.

But who would have thought Presbyterians would evolve into saving any one not foreordained, after having paved hell with infants' skulls a span deep?

There must surely be progress in the air!

The Bible has been changed by men and no longer tells of an eternal hell nor Hades as a place of torment, but of Sheol, a place of temporary punishment.

Papacy ruled all of Europe three hundred years ago. Now only Spain is loyal and the Pope is almost a prisoner in the Vatican. His bulls are laughed and jeered at. His cursings do not scare any one very much who has brains enough to know a pope cannot be infallible. It is dude supineness and imbecility; it is the lack of self-will and responsibility that will seek to lead sin and shortcomings upon another, desiring another to save. It is the quality of baby-life, and will not do for grown men and women. If there is continued probation beyond this life we do not need the vicarious atonement of Jesus or anyone.

But theology cannot change much more without wiping out all the fundamentals upon which it has builded. Instead of Adam having fallen he has been ascending upon saving planes of evolution. The animal Adam is not alive on earth—it is the mental and spiritual Adam that has come. Eating fruit of the tree of knowledge continues, and he has become equal with the gods! Theology cannot check his unfoldment. Theologians are, however, very much worried about "Othello's occupation," and are seeking growth enough to hold on awhile longer.

Theologians have made mistakes about creation and of life; hence they cannot be expected to know the truth of death and immortality. As the result of Calvinistic theology, death has shed a gloom over the people, and been the hideous nightmare that haunted human life. Death has been a grim monster to fear. Gloom, sorrow, despair, insanity, suicide, and the worst of earthly woes, have been caused by death entering human habitations. All because theology has pictured death as a terror! Instead, it is the sweetest boon vouchsafed to humanity. Without death, there could not be life.

Some one has said: "Death will be the funeral of all our evils, and the resurrection of all our joys." Even the "elect" will be disappointed in that. It is well demonstrated that evils will leave effects upon the soul that shall dwarf the spirit for ages in the realms beyond the grave. Joys will not be resurrected, but they will be earned as a natural sequence. Good and evil follow, as the effects of causes. The spirit-life will be filled with opportunity. Progress will ensue from activity. Nothing will come as a mere gift. The idea of an eternity of sameness, supineness and perfection is equivalent to a lack of vitality. There is no greater punishment to an active mind than to have nothing to do, or be incapacitated for labor. Some one has very aptly yet facetiously queried:

"When we have reached that fairer clime,
Upon the other shore,
What will we do to kill the time,
When time shall be no more?"

The great trouble with all religions is that they have sought to get men into heaven or save them from hell after death. The better thing to do is to get humanity into heaven and save them from hell while on earth. The person who does not find heaven in this world, will stand a poor chance of ever finding it in any other.

It is often the case that the people most in danger of going to hell are those who expect to go to heaven. The ethics of religion may disturb us and cause us great anxiety, but there is nothing like sound horse-sense to create happiness; it is all folly to be worrying about future happiness, the thing is to be happy now. Theology develops its scheme upon the strength of human desire to be happy. The churchman is seeking selfishly for his own future happiness, hence he is usually the most grasping of mortals for worldly things to insure temporal comforts and pleasure. The difficult thing to learn is how to unlearn errors. I would rather go into eternal life a pigmy, with opportunity to progress, than to have another do my thinking for me by my sins.

Conscience is the supreme judge! It is conscience we need fear more than all the gods of history. It may possibly be true that some men sleep well because they have good consciences, and others sleep just as well because they seem to have no conscience at all. No man exists entirely devoid of conscience—it is only dormant in some. Sooner or later that spiritual quality of our nature will be quickened and our selfhood be dragged down into the depths of sorrow or led into the mountain heights of joy.

The man who lives with the least worry may not have the fat of the land to feed upon, but he is likely to have a good digestion. Such a man will not need a change of heart. Most people need a change of liver more than a change of heart. Perhaps the reason for these and other physical defects might be accounted for by the old saw that says: "Every man has a soft spot in him somewhere, and it is frequently his head."

The discussion of religion is becoming quite a chestnut. The thing necessary is to destroy sectarian religion and develop broad human science. This latter is no field for a theologian. It requires a philosopher. If theology has developed many good moral ideas—which I affirm—yet it fossilizes thereon and becomes only a mental relic. Religion may not disturb us, but it does create human discord and anxiety. It trenches upon the highest rights, and dangles with the finest feelings of men and women—even little children being made miserable and their lives dwarfed by it. The sectarian churches create more religious discord than does religion itself. Homes are the institutions that churches have paid particular attention to. Ministers have invaded these sanctuaries and carried to them every possible influence to gain members, even by getting husbands and wives, parents and children in antagonism. I have seen this repeatedly and know whereof I speak.

A clergyman lately made the following astounding statement: "Although not competitors, the church could better be dispensed with than the home." The home and church are competitors, and it has been the constant effort of the clergy to ally them. It would be no more right for the church to control the home, than to control the state. Home is more sacred than the church. Most truly could the church be better dispensed with than the home. But I am surprised to hear a minister say so.

The Sabbath question touches home life, so much so that children and mature people are made miserable in thousands of cases to technically observe a day that theologians have created as the Sabbath, because it is reported that the crucified Jewish savior arose that day from the dead. It is claimed "the

Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it." It is a theological stretch that hallows the first day instead of the seventh.

Many people (even in Congress) are very much exercised about the probability of opening the World's Fair gates on Sunday, saying that upon it depends the observance of the Sabbath in years to come. They say: "We ask that nothing shall be done to make it impossible for us to observe the Lord's day." And we say: do not make it impossible for any nation of any religious belief to observe their Sabbath day, nor compel anybody to observe any Sabbath day that they do not accept as such. Let there be equal justice! That is all anyone should ask or expect. It is ridiculous nonsense, born of the idea that "I am authority," to say: "Right across those World's Fair gates will be this divine barrier, put there by divine hands." The divine barrier is the command to keep the seventh day holy. These theologians and dudes would break down this barrier on the seventh day and erect them on the first days. O consistency!

We miserable infidels have been having a little fun lately observing the effects of slums investigation by preachers. To reform the slums, create virtue, elevate every possible soul and improve all humanity physically, mentally, morally and spiritually, without reference to caste or kind, is the decided duty of a minister of the gospel of love and salvation. He should go among the sinners to save and not to persecute. His manner should be persuasive and argumentative; and not arrogant and abusive. It is dudism in the church that opposes it. And they do oppose it. Dr. Parkhurst's congregation thinks it hurts a man's usefulness as a clergyman.

That sort of Christianity is sufficient to cause its decay—and it will! Bigotry, intolerance, ignorance and Churchianity shall pass into the night of the past. The day stars of knowledge, fraternity and justice are illuminating the heavens. Love, peace and good will shall dominate the races. Out of all past contentions will come harmony. The entire human family will press on to higher altitudes of thought and purity of action.

The scientific church will bless all the people with utilitarian methods until poverty, want and woe will be eliminated, and industry usher in prosperity. Long robes, purple vestments and paraphernalia of all character will pass away as emblems of sacred callings and sacred places.

Into the naturalness and divinity of all things mankind shall enter and indulge their higher faculties. Godliness will be impressed upon all people—and the saviors of the past will be useless in the development of humanity in the present. Theology of creeds and dogmas will be absorbed by the philosophy of fact. To achieve this we ask you to join the church of nature and read the revelations that are being made by the voices in the trees, brooks, mountains and valleys. There are sermons in stones, tongues in trees, music in running brooks, and good in everything.

WE PITY THEM.

Spiritualism Only Can Redeem the World.

Yes, we Spiritualists pity the superstitious. Every church is to be pitied; every minister of the orthodox gospel is entitled to our commiseration. Every prayer that is uttered to God expecting him to answer it—the one who makes it is entitled to our sympathy. The Catholic church is coated with errors as a fish is with scales. Oh how I do pity its members. Now come the poor Jews: It is now said that the greatest discordance prevails among Jewish doctors respecting the time of the Messiah's anticipated coming, many of them believing that his appearance is delayed by the iniquities of the people of Israel. Rabbi Maehir, who lived at the end of the fourteenth century, describes numerous commotions, prodigies, and signs that are to precede that great event. He says: "When Israel shall be gathered from all nations and brought to the land of their forefathers, and the Messiah shall have rebuilt the city, he will celebrate a gracious reception, at which every one shall be seated at a golden table. At this feast he will entertain himself and company with a great battle between Behemoth and Leviathan. The feats of Behemoth will be highly gratifying, and Leviathan will come armed with his scales as a breastplate and covered with a coat of mail. The battle will be fierce, but neither will be victorious. Both will fall exhausted, when Messiah, with a great, strong sword, will slay them both. These tremendous beasts, together with the bird Bar Jahne, are then to be spitted and laid to the fire. Bread will then be obtained from wheat that will greatly surpass the growth of our days, as much as Bar Jahne exceeds a common bird in size. Sauce will be yielded to perfection in the salted Leviathan, and the desert to consist of all the delicious products of the Garden of Eden, including even some of the fruit of the tree of life. The guests are to be treated to exquisite wine made from fruit grown in Paradise immediately after the creation and preserved in Adam's wine-cellar for the great occasion. Towards the end of the feast the Messiah will fill a cup for the guests, over which they are to say grace, and the Messiah will be requested to perform this office, but God will offer it to Michael, Michael to Gabriel, Gabriel to Abraham, Abraham to Isaac, Isaac to Moses, Moses to Joshua; but each will decline in succession. Then God will assign it to David. The cup will contain about 214 gallons. What remains of the provisions after the feast is over will be divided among the guests, who will sell the same in the market of Jerusalem. With part of the skin of Leviathan will be made tabernacles, pavilions, or awnings for the just, and the rest will be spread upon the walls of Jerusalem, diffusing a light to the extremities of the world. The banquet will be followed and the festival concluded by dancing and music. The Messiah is afterwards to marry, having the daughters of kings for wives, but one of the most beautiful virgins of Israel as principal wife or Queen. Different periods of time are allotted for the duration of his reign, but all agree that he will die like other men, his son reigning in his stead."

Spiritualism can only redeem the world from such absurd teachings as the above.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Their Status Critically Analyzed.

My dear friends, did you ever think that we die daily? Yet we know this to be true. In our bodies, our physical organizations, through assimilation of those elements needed to sustain life, and the excretion of waste matter from the system, no man can get up in the morning and say that he is the same man physically that he was yesterday, for the elements and atoms composing his body have undergone a change. That portion which has been used and become useless has passed the line between life and death, while the new tissues take up the work called life with which he greets the new day. Likewise do we die daily in spirit. No man can feel sure that another day will find his spiritual nature unmodified by this day's experience. Surely no one should wish to feel that he had not grown wiser and better and of larger stature by each day's experience. Then can you not feel with me, friends, that life and growth mean the same thing?

Then if death is only a change, and life is ever and always the result, why do we mourn for those who precede us in the journey across the river? We have seen as great a change in our dear friend whose loss we commemorate to-day as this last one which we look upon as a tragedy almost. Those of you who have followed him from childhood to old age must be aware of this. Think of his childish stature, his youthful thoughts and judgments, and then compare those mental, moral and physical endowments that went to make up the individuality of our friend of fifty or sixty years ago, and those same characteristics which went to make up his individuality one year ago; verily, change has been great. Did we then mourn and feel that we had lost the friend of our youth? Nay, rather did we rejoice that he was a progressive man; that with the passing years and the passing away of physical crudeness came the new growth of enlarged mentality, of mature judgment, and the wisdom and goodness that can only come in their perfection with ripened years.

And now that the ultimate of earthly growth has arrived, we look across the boundary line that he has crossed with the same faith that all will be well, with which we looked into the face of the future years when our friend was young and saw therein no cause for fear, but ample ground for hope and joyful anticipation.

Let us, then, try to look upon life and death from a philosophical standpoint, and let us each strive to meet these questions and to settle them for our selves so that when it shall come our turn to cross the river with the boatman pale, we may go with the dignity, gladness and hopefulness that characterized the last days of our brother who has passed from death unto life.

Herbert Spencer tells us that life is "the continuous adjustment of internal to external relations," and that inasmuch as this adjustment or correspondence is perfect life is more perfect.

This building up of the physical body by means of assimilation and excretion seems the most of a miracle of all things but one—that is growth. How does a child grow? Looking upon life from a purely physical standpoint, is not this a hard question to answer; yet we see at a glance that where we have assimilation, waste and reproduction, growth is necessarily implied.

And what is true of the physical is also true of the spiritual man; yet while we consider it imperative that we establish a perfect harmony between man as a physical being and his environments, we often ignore and consider as of small importance the far greater need of harmony between man as a spiritual being and his environments; yet the same law of life which demanded as a witness thereof assimilation, waste, reproduction and growth in the physical man, calls for like testimony of life in the spiritual man. The spiritual nature of man needs and demands food that can be assimilated, and inasmuch as we recognize this function of our spiritual nature as co-existent with the same function in our physical nature, will we see the imperative need of effort on our part to make the correspondence perfect between man and all his environments. Yet do we not often place ourselves so entirely under the influence of material things as to exclude all possibility of spiritual growth, seeming to think that in some mysterious way our development will go on, forgetting that the natural laws of life are the same in the spiritual as in the material world?

Again, whenever there is any activity in the spiritual life of man there must be waste. Let every man and woman bear me witness from out their own spiritual experience, of the sense of exhaustion of spiritual force or energy under certain conditions, and the imperative call of their spiritual nature for new food, in order to replace the lost "nerve tissue,"—so to speak—of the spirit. And let no one expect the miracle of spiritual growth to be accomplished unless he is constantly consuming and assimilating more spiritual food than can be utilized in the mere process of living, for we must not only live, but fulfill the function of growth, in order to attain our perfect stature.

Knowing as we do that the divine spiritual life surrounds this material life as an aura or halo, interpenetrating and stimulating it at every point of contact, it becomes as rational beings to so put our lives in harmony with this divine life, through pure and noble thoughts and aspirations, through generous deeds and loving helpfulness to others, that life on earth shall come to symbolize more perfectly our ideal of heavenly life. The tree cut off from moisture withers and dies; the fish in caves, shut away from the light, lose their organs of sight; and may we not assert also that man, cut off from spiritual activities, becomes dead to spiritual life in proportion as he ceases his correspondence with spiritual environments?

But the perfect life is the perfect harmony of man with all his environments. How our souls leap forth to grasp the idea! What immense possibilities rise up in prophecy before our vision. But how shall we gain the help, how taste the divine elixir that shall make us as gods? "To be carnal-minded, this is death; to be spiritual-minded, this is life." Open the windows of your soul heavenward! Have your sails set to catch the heavenly winds, and they will bear you far out on a beautiful, unexplored sea. If "God is love," let us try to become so in rapport with him as to transform this world into a love-full place; where we learn to so live that earthly life shall be a stepping-stone on which we rise to life divine; and not our final home, where we forget our heavenly inheritance. We are, I believe, placed here in earth-life to individualize our spirits by earthly experiences; and while it is our duty to gain all the light possible from the experience of others, and from the inspiration of the Angel-world, upon the principles underlying all human action, yet we must finally judge and decide upon all questions for ourselves.

We may blunder, we may make mistakes, and do much of which we repent; but do we must, according to our best light, and abide the consequences. Look at the children who grow to maturity under the stern will of a parent—are they not children still? Yet where is the parent that does not feel that the very heavens are about to fall when a child first asserts his own will in defiance of parental authority; yet it is this very individuality which we want in the world; but we want an enlightened conscience to go with it. I am aware there is a paternal spirit abroad in the land. I know many good people who build high hopes on suppressing evil, but I tell you, my brothers and sisters, that a better way is to crowd out evil with good. If you have a "besetting sin," do not wage war upon it, but fill your life so full of something better that sin can have no place. Fill your mind with wisdom, then folly can have no place. Fill your hearts with love, and then hatred will feed away. Fill your soul with lofty aspirations, and then lust, greed and inharmonious will seek other avenues for expression.

If Spiritualism teaches anything plainly it is this, that inasmuch as we work for the good of humanity in this life, we shall fit ourselves for a happy sphere in the life to come. And that there is no way to escape the punishment (consequences) of wrong-doing. "The wages of sin is death," is as true now as it was before hell-fire was softened down to hades or sheol. More tolerable by far, I apprehend, would be the hottest fires of an orthodox hell than the agonies of an awakened soul facing the tortures of a sin-laden conscience. And let us be charitable and lovingly disposed toward one another, judging not too harshly an erring brother or sister. We know not their temptations or weakness; we know not our own boasted strength. Many a man sits in an honored place to-day in judgment upon an erring brother in disgrace, who, if the veil of this material world were swept aside, would stand forth revealed, a sin-laden beggar.

While passing through the sad experience of to-day it behooves us to summon all the philosophy and wisdom which we have garnered in the past. Let us remember that our friend and brother is at rest. At last he is free from the suffering he has endured so long. The flowers and grasses will soon be growing above his resting-place, transmuting in their beautiful growth all that is repulsive in physical death into loveliness and use.

Thus again do we interpret death as change. The lily bulb or grain of wheat we place within its earthly casing trustfully, knowing full well that what we consign to death will, conserving its life essence, and by a process and according to a law of whose workings we are in as profound ignorance as we are of the laws that rule all transformations in the soul of man, blossom into perfect flower or golden grain, the blessed symbol of eternal life.

Again we have our cherished memories of the dead; the lessons he taught, the flowers of love and kindness scattered by his hand and brain—all these treasures we cherish as a precious legacy to those who mourn; and while thus gravely seeking comfort from all possible sources, let us not forget to look forward to that blessed time when we know will one day greet us, when all these seemingly severed associations shall be united in one perfect line of experience.

When the silver threads in the web of life shall appear with renewed splendor in the complete pattern, just as in those beautiful and intricate creations of the loom, we seem to lose sight of the complete pattern as for a time some gorgeous tint appears. Even thus shall we, dear friends, find in the land of souls that after all, life in its entirety is more gracious, more perfect, than we had ever hoped or dreamed, and that death is simply the laying aside of a worn-out garment and the putting on of one more perfectly adapted to the needs of the soul. EVA A. H. BARNES.

Portville, N. Y.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

(Please make your obituary notices short, not over ten or fifteen lines, and they will be inserted at once. If long, their insertion may be very much delayed.)

W. J. Smith was born in England June 16, 1817. He passed to the other side August 5, 1892, at Wichita, Kansas, after a sickness of one week. He was a clairvoyant from his youth and a lifelong Spiritualist, always ready to help the cause and was always the friend of the deserving medium. He passed to the other side with a full knowledge that he was surrounded by his friends who had gone before. His funeral was a strictly Spiritualist one. Mrs. Lull, of Lawrence, Kansas, conducted the services in a manner suitable to the occasion. She was assisted by Rev. J. F. Nessly, of this city. Mrs. L. read the poem "There Is No Death," after which a quartette sang "Over the River They Are Waiting for Me." Mrs. L. then delivered an address to the family and friends upon the teachings of the spiritual philosophy. She was followed by Mrs. Nessly in a short address full of comfort to the family, assuring them that our brother was not dead, but only gone a little while before.

S. M. LUCKER.

Passed to Spirit life, Aug. 9, 1892, from her home in Kansas City, Mo., Mrs. Orrilla P. Spears, aged 61 years, wife of Chas. W. Spears. She was always an honest and earnest worker in the cause of humanity, being a healing medium of a high order of influences, which restored to health many a suffering brother and sister, for which service she scarcely ever received anything but thanks. Her knowledge of spiritual things kept her spirit buoyant to the last. The funeral service was held at her home, and conducted by Prof. W. S. Gray, who made a short inspirational address. The remains of our beloved sister and co-worker were buried in Union cemetery, on August 10th, in Kansas City.

SAINT TERESA.

The Strange Girl Who has Brought Prosperity to Nogales.

TO THE EDITOR:—According to a San Francisco Examiner of late date, Nogales, Arizona Territory, has recently obtained a renewed prosperity from a singular cause—the coming of a saint. Like the saints who have gone before, this saint was berated in her own land and driven into exile. But she needn't move any further. Nogales will keep her willingly, provide bounteously for her and for her family, and do for her in the flesh all the honors generally accorded to saints posthumously.

For as long as she remains in the town business is brisk, the merchants smile, and the ever-welcome dollar jingles merrily as it passes from hand to hand. People throng the streets, and everything, from the gambling den to the Sunday-school, is at its best for business.

All the rejuvenation of trade and access of population is due to a young Mexican girl, Teresa Urrea, according to her baptismal name, but known to thousands as "Santa Teresa"—Saint Teresa. Prosperity follows her footsteps, not because she is a mascot, or some good spell of voodooism, but solely on account of the fact that her fame has gone abroad through all the land, and the lame, the halt and the blind, the dyspeptic, paralytic and curious come from far and near to have her touch them with her soft and healing hands. People who come to be cured buy things to eat, drink and wear. They crowd the hotels. Hence the boom.

Teresa Urrea is an exile from Mexico, the land of her birth. She is the daughter of a rich planter of Sonora, and is not yet twenty years of age. Though not by any means beautiful, her face is full of character, and her disposition is singularly sweet and charming. She is modest and unassuming, loves amusement, and has a firm seat and steady rein when mounted on a bronco and scurrying along the road and trails. Altogether, she seems hardly the person to be exiled from an enlightened republic as a dangerous character; but she dare not set foot in Mexico under penalty of death.

What is her power? It is hard to say. Early in life she began curing the peons and peasants of her father's estate by the administration of simples and the laying on of hands. Before long the portal of her father's hacienda was constantly filled with unfortunates clamoring for a touch of her hands or a look from her eyes. The most sensational stories of her cures went out. The restless Yaqui Indians showed their belief in her by calling her Santa Teresa, and doing her bidding implicitly. The peons generally worshiped her, and it is said by some that she was banished because of her extraordinary influence among the poorer classes and Indians. Others have it that her banishment was merely a step toward the confiscation of her father's large estate. However this may be, her advent in Nogales is looked upon as many different kinds of a blessing, and any one who would propose to banish her would be taken out of town by the all rail route.

The girl is not well-educated, but is of superior natural intelligence. Her big eyes flash with merriment or dim with tears, according to whether happiness or suffering is the lot of those with whom she is brought in contact. She has a childish confidence in her ability to cure all diseases, and with it all the love of adventure inherent in a young woman full of life and spirit. She enjoys dashing across the border line and making short excursions into Mexican territory, even though she knows that capture would mean imprisonment and death.

She resides with her father, step-mother, younger sisters and brothers in a neat, though small, adobe house on Crawford street. This was furnished by the citizens, and the wealthiest men of the town have offered to build the girl a large sanitarium if she will consent to remain there.

As to her miracles, the most sensational stories are told by her thronging devotees. Most of these cannot be authenticated. She administers a few simples, but most of her cures are accomplished by the mere laying on of hands. In one instance, which is amply authenticated, she did cause to speak a paralytic who had not been able to utter a word in years. She also partially restored to him the use of his limbs. Unquestionably she has some magnetic power, and just as unquestionably many people are benefited in health by her ministrations.

Since coming to Nogales she made one trip to Tucson. Her passage through the Santa Clara valley was a continual ovation. The invalids of both sexes and all ages flocked to her in such throngs as to retard her way. They begged piteously for a touch of her hand, a look or a smile. She ministered to hundreds.

The girl cannot be called a fraud, as she refuses to take any money for her cures, and she goes among the poor and needy in a spirit of charity and well-doing.

Altogether she seems simply a girl with unusual magnetism and a particularly sweet disposition. The poorer and more ignorant people of Northern Mexico and Southern Arizona believe in her with the most abiding faith, and no one would dare say a word against her in any society in Nogales.

She may not be a saint, and she may not work miracles, but she is perfectly honest in all her dealings, is thoroughly convinced of her own power for good, and gives of that power with a queenly largesse.

Rila Kittridge, an expert microscope penman of Belfast, Me., has written several of Gladstone's speeches upon a single postal card, and has sent the curiosity to the great liberal leader. Some of Mr. Kittridge's writing averages 20,000 words to a postal card.

It has been the fortune of Baron Hirsch to have anything all gold that he once touches. Hence he could give \$15,000,000 to charity in 1891, and not lose sleep. It is said he once bought the assets of a bankrupt Belgian bank for a low figure, and out of them made \$4,000,000.

Victoria's maids of honor, who are paid \$1,500 a year for their services, earn their salaries. They are obliged to appear before the queen in a new gown every day, and to be in readiness to attend her majesty at any and every hour in the day.

James Whitcomb Riley, the poet and humorist, is spending a part of the summer in the White mountains.

Haslett Park Camp, Michigan.

We are having a good attendance, and a large camp-meeting. On Sunday, 14th, Dr. A. B. Spinney, of Detroit, gave one of his practical and deeply earnest lectures on spiritual unfoldment of the past, present and future.

In the forenoon Mrs. Anna L. Robinson, of Lockport, N. Y., spoke well and eloquently. One of her tests or descriptions from the platform was, in substance, as follows: The medium got the name of a spirit, Henry Newton, who was described as having lost the use of his limbs in the latter part of his life by being in some runaway accident. She also sensed a feeling of thirst and fever, indicating that this spirit had passed out of the body by the effects of a fever. The description was recognized by a gentleman present, a stranger to the medium and audience, and he said it was correct.

The medium received the name of Martin Denison, and described him. She sensed a feeling of falling, rushing timbers of a building, amid cries for help. This spirit was recognized by a Mr. Hudson Sherman, an investigator, from Kirtland, Mt. Calm county, Michigan, who lives four miles from McBride, where, as he told the writer, his acquaintance, M. Denison, met his death in a saw-mill explosion a year and a half ago, and it was said that parts of his body was blown four hundred and fifty feet away. This was a good test or description.

On Monday afternoon Dr. T. A. Bland, of Washington, D. C., gave a lecture on the Indian problem, and told how he had become the trusted adviser of the Sioux Indians in Dakota, and how he had protected their interests. A medium present was controlled to say that she saw a long line of Indian spirits to protect him from danger. Other mediums were controlled to congratulate and encourage him. He replied that he was once in a railroad collision. He saw the approaching engine coming to collide. He saw the front end of the car smashed in and knew he was in great danger; the seat in front of him was moved out of place. He next realized that he was on the outside, a little bruised and quite badly scalded with steam. He knew he had gone through the window, but how it was done he did not know. Sometime thereafter when he was at Onset Bay camp-meeting, a medium, a stranger to him, arose after his lecture, and the controlling spirit gave the name of Sarah A. Bland, his deceased mother, saying the Indian spirits took him through the car window to save his life for the good he might do to humanity. He further said he often realized the presence of those Indian spirits.

H. E. MARTIN.

Dedication at Rochester, Ind.

To THE EDITOR:—The dedication of Temple Hall, Sunday, August 7th, to Spiritualism, and all other truths, was a day long to be remembered by our society. Though the day was hot and sultry, the hall was not overcrowded, and the handsome carpet, the beautiful chairs, the lovely flowers, pictures and drapery, and the happy, smiling faces made a scene that will long remain in the memory. What must it have been to the unseen world? That it was a surprise to the people of Rochester, that a little handful of people could accomplish so much, was evident; so I know it woke up the feeling of pride in all hearts. While nothing is extravagant in the room, all is rich, and shows good taste; exceedingly so is the set of rostrum furniture, the gift of Mrs. Major Bitters; also two gems of crayon work, the work and gift of her talented daughter, Mrs. Miller.

The theme for Mrs. Warne's discourse in the morning was, "The Spirit of the Leaf." In the afternoon Prof. Peters spoke from "The Temple of Truth." Mrs. Warne, in the evening, discoursed on "A Cup of Cold Water." We had a day of intellectual and instructive feasts. Mrs. Warne leads her listeners out among the flowers and birds, or along some bubbling brook, upon whose bank we love to sit and listen to the songs it sings. Prof. Peters takes you face to face with the facts; presents to you truths unembellished; he so fixes them in one's mind we never forget it.

R. HENKLE.

A Medium Driven Away.

To THE EDITOR:—I have just returned from a three weeks' trip in the Belt mountains, and found the papers. I also found that the medical fraternity have succeeded in driving from this city Mrs. J. E. Leonard, the wonderful healer I wrote of in your issue of July 23. She goes to Helena, Mont., next Saturday to reside, and will continue her healing at that place. Her last offense against the medical intolerants and nincompoops, and the last straw that broke the camel's back, was the restoring to perfect health of a lady so terribly afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism that she was taken to Mrs. L's house in a hack, and carried indoors by her husband. She had been in the hands of the medical fraternity for more than a year, and was steadily growing worse. The fact that she made use of an herbal remedy and an ointment, gave them sufficient grounds that they could incarcerate her in the State Prison, which they assure her they will do except she leaves the city. Rather than get into trouble, she leaves for Helena next Saturday, and letters sent there will reach her.

I am in receipt of nearly two hundred letters from your readers inquiring Miss Admuns' address and conditions for photos. It is impossible that I write each one, and wish to reach them through your columns. Miss Admuns lives at Helena, Mont. I do not know street and number, but a letter addressed to Helena, Mont., will reach her. The conditions are that the party desiring a picture send her a lock of their own hair, and not that of the spirit. She makes no charges. Write your letters of inquiry to Miss Admuns, as she can answer better than I. All inclosures sent to me for Miss Admuns I have forwarded.

CHARLES MANVILLE.

Great Falls, Montana.

Sister Mary.

To THE EDITOR:—There are many people here at Mt. Pleasant Park Camp-meeting, Clinton, Iowa, who have read the Watseka wonder, and many others are talking about it, and enquiring of us in regard to it. Now, Mary Roff, who controlled Lurancy Vennum before she passed over, used to sing, "Sister Mary," her favorite song, and it has always been our favorite song also. Now, the people here want that song, and they think you might deem it worthy of a place in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I find that Spiritualists almost universally take your paper.

MR. AND MRS. A. B. ROFF.

SISTER MARY.

On a stormy night in Winter,
When the wind blew cold and wet,
I heard some strains of music
That I never shall forget.
I was sitting in a cabin,
Where lived Mary, fair and young,
When a light shone in the window,
And a band of singers sung:

We are coming, Sister Mary,
We are coming by-and-by;
Be ready, Sister Mary,
For the time is drawing nigh.

Then I tried to call my Mary,
But my tongue would not obey,
For the song so strange had ended,
And the singers flown away.
Then I woke her from her slumber,
And I told her everything;
But I could not guess the meaning
Of the song I heard them sing:

We are coming, Sister Mary,
We are coming by-and-by;
Be ready, Sister Mary,
For the time is drawing nigh.

When the next night came I heard them,
And the third night, too, they sung,
As I sat beside the pillow
Of my Mary, fair and young.
As I watched I heard a rustling,
Like the rustling of a wing;
And beside my Mary's pillow
Very soon I heard them sing:

We are coming, Sister Mary,
We are coming by-and-by;
Be ready, Sister Mary,
For the time is drawing nigh.

Then again I called my Mary,
But my sorrow was complete,
For I found her heart of kindness
Had forever ceased to beat.
And I now am very lonely,
From summer 'round to spring;
And I oft in midnight slumber
Seem to hear the same ones sing:

We are coming, Sister Mary,
We are coming by-and-by;
Be ready, Sister Mary,
For the time is drawing nigh.

Jottings by the Way.

EN ROUTE TO ONSET.

At present writing Mr. Hull and myself are whirling eastward; already we are in the Old Bay State; a few hours will see us at our destination. I promised the friends while at Devil's Lake camp-meeting that I would report at my earliest opportunity, and in order that such report may not be "away behind time," I must pencil a few lines while on the wing. I will try, Brother Francis, and remember your columns are crowded, and "boil down."

Devil's Lake is a beautiful place (post office in Geneva, Mich.), and the meeting was a magnificent success. Among other work accomplished during the encampment was the organization of a camp-meeting association, to be known as the Devil's Lake Pleasant Grove Association of Spiritualists. The officers will proceed at once to incorporate the society. An official report will reach you later, so I will not go into details, only to say it was decided in business meeting to hold a two weeks' meeting next year, including three Sundays, commencing the last Saturday in July. Delegations from many towns in Michigan, Ohio and Indiana were present, and took an active part in the meeting. Hundreds were present the last Sunday from Battle Creek, among them many old Spiritualists, who enthused so much over the meeting they declared they should join the forces at that point another season. About one hundred names were enrolled as members within two days after the organization. The services of Mr. Hull and myself have been secured for another year.

From the camp we went to Sherwood, Ohio, and under the management of Harry Rock and wife held three meetings. The heat was intense, but we met large audiences each evening. Our next point was Morenci, Michigan. Mr. and Mrs. Hoig, old mediums and indefatigable workers for more than a quarter of a century, obtained the best hall in the city, and advertised us for four meetings, three of which were held on Sunday, the 14th. The hall was crowded Friday and Sunday nights; audiences were large Sunday A. M. and P. M.

We left Morenci Monday forenoon, and went to Cleveland, where I spent one day with relatives and Mr. Hull at Lake Brady camp. He reports a splendid meeting at that point. The camp ground embraced about two hundred and sixty acres, and is admirably adapted for the purpose to which it has been dedicated. He met many old friends and co-workers, all of whom seemed to be enlisted in the work in the truest sense, determined that the principles of justice and equity shall be maintained in the name of Spiritualism. A letter had been written Mr. Hull, soliciting his services for another year. He made an engagement with the society.

From Onset we go to Etna, Maine, where we shall meet many friends of the long ago. We were never in better health or courage.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is popular everywhere we go. Probably we have met hundreds within three weeks who have said: "I'm going to call on Brother Francis during the World's Fair." I tell you this to give you warning.

MATTIE E. HULL.

"Spiritual Songs," by Mattie E. Hull; thirty-one in number; most admirably adapted for meetings and circles. Printed in pamphlet form, 32 mo. Price 10 cents each. For sale at this office.

Camp Notes from Maple Dell.

August 8th, Sabbath morning, dawned cool and refreshing as "Old Sol" rose in the distant sky to kiss the beaded lawn on which the dewdrops lingered like a thousand diamonds on their emerald bed. The throng began to come in early, till the grounds presented one vast sea of people, yet there was room for more and a welcome for all. In the afternoon D. M. King gave an historical review of our past work and experience, which was of deep interest, going back over a period of thirty-five years; also brought up the subject of finance, which met with a handsome response; \$1,400 was subscribed in stock, besides a large cash collection. Improvements have been made the past year, though not as many as was intended, owing to the continued rains. We have the purest water, two wells having been lowered, besides numerous springs, from which water can be carried to every cottage. By another year many cottages will be erected, and improvements made to beautify a location already made lovely, touched by nature's own brush.

Address by Lyman C. Howe, on "The Religion of Spiritualism." Beneath the pavilion the heat was most intense, yet the effort was a mastery one. Monday, as usual, Campers' Day; Tuesday, Temperance Day, brief remarks; in the afternoon address by Mrs. Kates, to ladies only, full of instructive interest. At the close a society was formed, as an auxiliary to camp work, to be called the Ladies' Union, which will co-operate together for the benefit of woman and the promotion of Spiritualism. This society is not confined to Maple Dell, but is world-wide in its work. Any lady wishing to become a member will please send her name and address to the secretary, Miss Ida Alvord, Mantua Station, Ohio, and can pay the membership fee, 25 cents, at next year's camp, when we intend to devote one day to woman in convention. Evening the rostrum was again occupied by Brother Howe. From time to time he was followed by Jennie B. Hagan, and various exercises, dramatic entertainment, funeral exercises of Joel Gibbert, who passed away in his cottage on the ground, D. M. King, Mr. Kates, and Mrs. Jackson officiating. Camp closed in evening with brief speeches and farewells, all feeling benefited and strengthened by the angelic ministry. The lessons during the whole three weeks was characterized by harmony and love; a great amount of work was accomplished that will tell in all the future. Our speakers and mediums: First came Mr. and Mrs. Kates, who kindly remained with us from first to last. As we were disappointed in our engaged slate-writer, Mrs. Ivy, of Georgia, by illness, they endeavored to fill in the time, which they did to the satisfaction of all. Both are unselfish and untiring in their efforts to promote our philosophy. Our own dear pioneer worker, Lyman C. Howe, who knows no self, yielding up his life to the cause he loves, a living embodiment of grand spirituality; with pity we looked into his tired eyes and prayed that rest might soon come to him ere his soul burst its "clay tenement." Mrs. Sheehan came a stranger to Maple Dell—a practical, self-sacrificing medium, a woman true to the instincts of her own nature, giving to her audience pearls of truth. Ere long the missing sunbeam was replaced by the arrival of Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan, of Jackson, Mich. At the close of her discourse we opened wide our eyes to ascertain if we really belonged to this planet. Next year we hope to have all of these gifted speakers with us.

LILLIE LANE DRENNEN, Secretary.

Mantua Station, Ohio.

Camp Progress Sunday Meetings.

Our grove is in the town of Peabody, Mass., only a short distance from the line between P. and Lynn. In June the Spiritual Society of Salem, and the Lyceum Association of Lynn, through a joint committee, began to hold social meetings. We have met with grand success. Last Sunday, August 14th, there was an audience of over six hundred. We have seats for about five hundred, and many sat on the grass or stood near eagerly listening to that which they would never enter a hall to hear. We have had no hired speakers, as we depend entirely on collections for support. We have fine music every Sunday, Mrs. Hayes, musical director of the Lyceum, presiding at the organ, and the Salem singers, including Miss Amanda Bailey, leading the singers. Dr. Willis Edwards has been present nearly every session, and is always ready to assist by tests and speaking. We had Mrs. N. J. Willis and her talented daughter, and Mr. Simons, of Cambridgeport, with us recently. Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Whitlock visited us, and gave some fine thoughts. Mrs. Moreland, of Everett, gave the "Sergeant's Story," in a highly finished manner, last Sunday. We have a large number of local mediums, but I know your space is valuable, so I will not name any, or I should make the list too long. Every medium and speaker, whether local or visiting, has cordially responded when called on to assist. A number have signified their intention of joining our Lyceum, and bringing their children, when we open our sessions for the winter. I think we shall have a Spiritual awakening as a result of these open air meetings, for many who have never heard only the name of Spiritualism have come here and listened to the words of truth and love, and gone away full of thought and returned the next time to feast again. And so our Gospel spreads, and new thoughts are sown in both good and poor soil. Who can tell what the harvest may be?

PROGRESS.

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Notes from Lake Brady.

To-day, Saturday, August 13, the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad ran an excursion over the whole length of their lines into our camp, bringing three to four thousand people of all kinds, and from every station between Cleveland and Pittsburgh, so that we are not very lonesome even on weekdays.

This forenoon Rabbi Solomon Schindler, of Boston, delivered a fine lecture on "Injustice." Taken from a Jewish standpoint, he did the subject ample "justice." He was followed by Mrs. A. E. Kibbie, of Cincinnati, who gave several good tests to perfect strangers. Mrs. Kibbie is rapidly becoming a first-class test-medium.

Saturday afternoon Lyman C. Howe gave us a very fine and logical lecture. He was followed by Frank T. Ripley, who gave about fourteen full names and lots of good tests. Ripley is also a good test medium for platform work.

Dr. J. C. Street's classes give good satisfaction. The doctor lectured for us Friday to a full house, and did well. His subject was "The Soul," and the doctor being a well-posted man, consequently handled his subject with ease, and gave us logic by the quantity.

Our dances Wednesday and Saturday evenings have become a great institution, and all the country people around the camp drive in. Our large dancing pavilion was filled to overflowing on Saturday evening, and the Akron, Ohio, band furnished the music.

Brady is fast becoming a social center, and is the pride of the Ohio people, who are bound to make it a success beyond any other institution of the kind in this section of the country.

Mrs. H. S. Lake has somewhat recovered from her severe illness, and is able to get out of doors a little. She will speak for us on the 21st, and for a week following. Ohio people are very much pleased with Mrs. Lake.

J. W. Colville will occupy our platform alternately with Mrs. Lake for a week after the 21st.

The weather here is all that could be asked for—cloudless, cool, balmy and refreshing.

A large number of Jews came in to-day, August 14th, to hear Rabbi Solomon Schindler talk on "Nationalism," which he did on Sunday forenoon to a very large audience of intelligent people.

The Cleveland excursion came in promptly on time Sunday forenoon, and brought a goodly number of Cleveland Spiritualists.

The ladies of our camp decorated the platform very nicely for Sunday with beautiful wild flowers, ferns and green growth from the forest around the arena.

Lyman C. Howe occupied the platform Sunday, and was followed by Frank T. Ripley with tests from the platform. Mr. Howe's subject was: "Does Man and the Gospel of Nature Form the Fact of an Immortal Life?"

Mrs. H. S. Lake received an ovation from her friends on Sunday evening in our large tent. At the close of the social she was remembered in a substantial way. During the meeting Prairie Flower, Mrs. Lake's Indian maiden control, gave many good psychometric tests to her admirers.

Our evening socials, held each night, are a great success, and a prominent feature in our programme of entertainments for our people.

Charles Barnes' trumpet seances are converting large numbers of people to the fact that spirit communion is a truth worth obtaining.

Moses Hull, of Chicago, visited the camp on Tuesday, August 16th, and took part in our conference. Mr. Hull is a sound reasoner, and quoted Christian Bible like a Methodist preacher. The utmost harmony prevails at the camp, and peace and quiet reigns supreme, and no one seems to anticipate any change from the present condition. To-day, August 17th, the subject of "Hypnotism and the Trance Condition" was discussed at conference. Our audiences display a good deal of intelligence in discussing the several questions that have been laid before them, and every phase of modern mediumship has been discussed, or will be discussed, before the meeting closes.

This afternoon Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, N. Y., lectured to a full house, and to-morrow J. B. Hagan-Jackson will occupy our platform. Mrs. Ada Sheehan is now due here, as is also Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Ravenna, Ohio. Others are due, and the rest of our programme is a good one.

It is whispered rather loudly around the camp that the visit of Moses Hull to this camp resulted in an engagement for a series of lectures here next season. This is not an official announcement, but your correspondent would like to bet a small sum that "Moses" will preach in our wilderness arena next season, for he is a favorite in all Ohio.

J. W. DENNIS.

Haslett Park Camp-Meeting.

To THE EDITOR:—This camp has been prospering under the administration of our chairman, G. H. Brooks. The audience, Sunday, August 14th, was large; Mrs. Anna L. Robinson gave a grand lecture at the morning session; Dr. Spinney spoke with force and conviction in the afternoon. The tests by Mrs. Robinson during the day were clear and accurate, all being recognized. Mrs. Robinson stays with us during the camp. All seem to appreciate her presence. The Saturday night dramatic performances are of a high order. Edgar W. Emerson is to be with us Saturday and Sunday, and he is always a welcome and useful worker. Brother Olney H. Richmond, of the Temple of the Magi, Chicago, made us a call on Sunday. He found many warm friends here.

JERRY BRICKER.

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THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Its First Year's Work for Protection of American Institutions.

Reports are often dry reading, and in the heated term might easily be soporific, but we have not found it dull work to read the statements made by Dr. J. M. King, General Secretary of the National League, concerning its first year's work. The League entered upon its work May, 1890, establishing its offices at 140 Nassau street, and issuing its first document. The General Secretary attended conferences of fifteen American patriotic orders in Philadelphia and Chicago, receiving suggestions and criticisms concerning the form of the proposed Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which were referred to the Law Committee. The plans were made for the forming of Auxiliary Leagues; hearings were obtained before committees of the Legislature and of the Federal Congress. Special interest was taken in Indian education, addresses delivered at conventions all over the country, and important documents, averaging one a month for the entire year, sent out to the total number of one hundred thousand and upward. The plans for future work include the bringing of the influence of the League to bear wherever the integrity of the common school system or the safety of other American institutions is threatened. A most valuable table is contained in the report, which we print in full:

CONSTITUTIONS WHICH PROHIBIT SECTARIAN APPROPRIATIONS.

California (1), Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana (2), Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi (3), Missouri, Montana, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Washington, Wisconsin (2), Wyoming. 21 States.

CONSTITUTIONS WHICH DO NOT PROHIBIT SECTARIAN APPROPRIATIONS.

Alabama (4), Arkansas (4), Connecticut, Delaware, Iowa (4), Kansas, Kentucky (5), Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Nebraska (6), Nevada (6), New Jersey (7), New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania (4), Rhode Island, South Carolina (6), Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia. 23 States.

CONSTITUTIONS WHICH PROHIBIT ANY DIVERSION OF THE SCHOOL FUND.

Alabama, Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin. 36 States.

The League aims finally at procuring the enactment of the Sixteenth Amendment, previously mentioned, which amendment is:

"No State shall pass any law respecting an establishment of religion, or permitting the free exercise thereof, or use its property or credit, or any money raised by taxation, or authorize either to be used for the purpose of founding, maintaining or aiding, by appropriation, payment for services, expenses or otherwise, any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any institution, society or undertaking which is wholly or in part under sectarian or ecclesiastical control."

Our friends will find appended a carefully compiled summary of the provisions of the United States Constitution and the State Constitutions of all the States bearing upon the questions of sectarian appropriations, the public school fund, citizenship, the qualifications for voters, etc.

It is a great work, and when the real meaning of the enterprise is comprehended, no doubt it will become a burning question.

Dr. King is at the same time one of the pastors of St. John's Church in this city, occupying its pulpit and performing other pastoral work when his duties as Secretary allow him to be at home.—Wayland Christian Advocate.

- (1) Can make per capita grants to institutions.
- (2) Covers only religious and theological institutions.
- (3) Prohibits any testamentary devise, bequest, legacy or gift to religious, charitable or ecclesiastical corporations or societies.
- (4) Sectarian appropriations can be made by two-thirds vote by all the members of both Houses of the Legislature.
- (5) Has a revised Constitution pending popular adoption.
- (6) Prohibits sectarian instruction in public schools.
- (7) Prohibits appropriations to societies, associations or corporations.

Various Camp-Meetings.

Clinton, Iowa, July 31 to Aug. 28.
Sumnerland, Cal., Sept. 11 to Oct. 2.
Lake Pleasant, Mass., July 24 to Aug. 28.
Cassadaga, N. Y., July 22 to Aug. 28.
Onset Bay, Mass., opening day July 19.
Liberal, Mo., Aug. 20 to Sept. 19.
Denver, Col., at Taylor Park, from Sept. 1 to the 15th.
Hasslet Park, Mich., July 28 to Aug. 29.
Mantua Station, Ohio, July 23 to Aug. 15.
Verona Park, Me., Aug. 14 to Aug. 28.
Vicksburg, Mich., Aug. 12 to Aug. 28.
Snapee Lake, N. H., July 31 to Aug. 28.
Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt., July 31 to Sept. 3.
Lake Brady, near Ravenna, Ohio, July 21 to August 28.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER always leads in the variety of its attractions. The story, by Hudson Tuttle, should be read by everybody. Remember, the paper is sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

DEATH AND AFTER LIFE. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Something you should read. Price 75 cents.

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GOSPEL OF NATURE. BY M. L. SHERMAN and Wm. F. Lyon. A book replete with spiritual truths. Price \$1.00.

GIORDANO BRUNO. HIS LIFE, WORKS, worth, martyrdom, portrait and monument. Compiled from Freethinkers Magazine. Excellent for reference. Price 15 cents.

To the Liberals of America.

The infamous and cowardly action of the present Congress in voting to close the World's Fair on Sunday compels the Liberals, if they wish to maintain their rights, to organize a political force to oppose the ecclesiasticism which has practically enthroned itself in the state.

The closing of the World's Fair is a political crime, a crime against the working people of this land, a crime against civil morality itself. The Christian church threatens to vote against any candidate who is not in favor of closing the World's Fair on Sunday.

Liberalism, therefore, must become a voting power. We must appeal to the ballot, and we must do this by a national organization.

There is no organization of this kind now in existence. It is time to form this instrumentality in co-operation with others.

The basis of the organization will be the Demands of Liberalism.

The methods will be as follows:

1. There will be no initiation fees and no assessments. All who believe in the Demands of Liberalism and sign the constitution in good faith, will be voting members.

2. The membership will be purely individual. There will be no auxiliary societies—no wheel within wheel, but simple, direct personal membership and control.

3. No money contributed will be used for the salaries of officers, but only for necessary clerk expenses, and the printing and distribution of Liberal political literature.

4. Candidates will be nominated if thought advisable at any time on the platform of the organization. If no candidates are nominated the candidates of all other parties are to be questioned and their position ascertained, and if in opposition to the Demands of Liberalism, the political power of the organization is to be used against them wherever available.

5. The new organization will not necessarily be opposed to present political parties. Members of all these parties can be members of the Liberal organization provided they endeavor to make the Demands of Liberalism a part of the platform of the party to which they belong and will refuse to vote for candidates who are opposed to these Demands.

6. The name of the new organization will be "The Freethought Federation of America."

It is believed that by proper and decided effort in a few years one hundred thousand Liberal voters will be ready to meet the aggressions of ecclesiasticism at the polls.

It is believed that women if they do not vote have a right to vote and therefore the Liberal women of America are invited to aid in this organization.

The first meetings will be held at Chicago Sunday, September 4th, at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M., at Madison Hall, 146 W. Madison street. Elevator will run. No stairs to climb. All who are in favor of the purpose and methods outlined in this call are requested to be present or send their names as members.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

The Past Speaks.

The past speaks to us constantly, but generally in an unknown tongue. Wendell Phillips, the great Abolitionist, in his lecture on the "Lost Arts" claimed that there is nothing new under the sun. Spiritualism is as old as the eternal hills. The principles of mathematics, astronomy and chemistry always existed. The temples of the past in some respects were superior to those of today. The St. Louis Republic gives a vivid picture of the wonderful temples at Baalbec, Syria. They stood upon an artificial platform about thirty feet above the level of the surrounding plain. In many respects the foundation reminds one of Solomon's Temple, and this and other facts have led some to ascribe the work to David. Even to this day the ruins are grand in their immensity. At one place in the foundation, at a height of some twenty feet, there are three stones, each of which is 63 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 13 feet thick. How such immense stones were quarried, transported and put in place is one of the mysteries which engineers have not as yet solved. On top of this gigantic raised platform of masonry stood the Temples of Baalbec, three in number—the Temple of the Sun, the Temple of Jupiter and the Great Circular Temple. The first was 290 feet long, 160 feet wide, and was surrounded by Corinthian columns 75 feet high and 7 feet 3 inches each in diameter at the base. The stones which capped these columns, and reached from one to the other, were each fifteen feet square. These stones were fastened together by wrought iron clamps, each a foot in thickness. Six of these columns are still standing. The Temple of Jupiter stood, or, one might truthfully say, stands (for it is one of the most perfect of all ancient ruins) on a platform of its own, some ten feet lower than that of the Temple of the Sun. It is a most magnificent and imposing structure, its outside dimensions being 230x120 feet.

Could the past reveal all its secrets, they would at once advance humanity to a much higher plane of life than is occupied at the present time.

Maple-Dell Camp, Mantua, Ohio.

TO THE EDITOR:—The camp at Maple-Dell Park has just closed, and we have had a glorious good time. Mr. Kates and wife have been with us during the whole camp, and both of them are glorious good workers in the cause of truth; so are Mrs. Sheehan, Mr. Howe, and, finally, Mrs. J. H. Jackson, who gave a most thrilling and inspiring lecture on "Should the World's Fair Close on the Sabbath?" After the discourse there was a vote taken, and except three, it was unanimous to open the World's Fair on Sunday. There were 1,000 people present, and many church members voted for it to be open, and all join in saying that the lecture was the best they have ever heard. Mrs. Jackson, with her strong band of controls, is more than a match for any divine who can be produced from any church in America. W. F. BALL, M. D.

"The Gospel of the Circumcision," Vol. I, No. I.

This is an eight-page quarterly, published by the Church Society in New York, for promoting Christianity among the Jews. The intention of this paper seems to be to give reports of the mission schools among the Jews. They seem to think that God wrought all the dispersions and disabilities among the Jews, and now wants to change all that and bring them into the Christian church. The Jews themselves feel differently about it, and blame most of their hardships upon the Christians. But it is not our affair. We stand on very different grounds from the Jews or Christians. In as far as those parties are factors in history we recognize them as we do Buddhists and Zoroastrians, but we have nothing to do with the peculiar doctrines of either of them. But being recipients and advocates of the highest truth ever given by God to man, it becomes us to point out the path of justice to all parties, and we unhesitatingly say that Christianity is not in condition to convert and absorb Judaism. Let her look back over her own history, the amount of blood she has shed, as compared with anything the Jews ever did, and then ask herself if she is worthy of being the means of restoring Israel, and if she is not, rather, worthy of being herself destroyed, and has she not made the Jews, in a great measure, the despised people they have been, by ostracism and persecution.

To force upon the Jews her vicarious atonement is to strike at the root of moral obligation and spirituality, and makes him (as Jesus says) tenfold more the child of hell than herself. We make no objection to atonement—at-one-ment; that is to be one with God as Jesus was, and every evolutionary movement brings that about, but not a vicarious substitutionary sacrifice, a monstrous error which must be eliminated from the church creed like "the accursed thing" from the soldiery at Ai (see Joshua, ch. 7) before she can be worthy to make such a conquest.

There are, I am happy to say, a few liberal Christians who have effected a simple and necessary organization, which we have reason to believe will never abuse its power. On their platform all liberal, advanced Jews can meet and fraternize. They hold essentially the same views as we do—that is, the divinity in man and salvation by growth and development within himself.

That this may be a nucleus around which both Jews and Gentiles may gather and form the church of the future is possible and very probable, provided they do not ignore spiritual communion; but orthodoxy, whether Catholic or Protestant, NEVER!

R. NEELY.

Another Materializing Medium in Michigan.

TO THE EDITOR:—To those doubting the grand and beautiful truths of continued presence, do not say you know better, but prove all things. When you stand face to face with those that are on the evergreen shore of life, clasp their loving hand in yours and whisper words of greeting. I have had the pleasure of attending a number of seances of J. King, of Sodus, Mich., whose manifestations rank among the first materializing mediums in the land. Mr. King is no fortune-seeker, but an honest, upright man. He doubted the wonderful manifestations his friends told him. So, with near neighbors, he set to work to prove all things as far as possible, using a small room for a cabinet. To the wonder and astonishment of those present, a number of their spirit friends, who were recognized, came into the room. I will record a few of the many manifestations which I had the pleasure of witnessing, in company with my wife and a number of friends: July 3d, Mr. King was almost instantly controlled after forming a circle, and in an unconscious condition went into his cabinet. In a few minutes the beautiful and graceful spirit form of a lady, robed in spotless white, made her appearance, and with bow and gestures which would excite the admiration of an actress, returned to the cabinet. Renewing her strength, she boldly came forward, and with uplifted hand, as if commanding silence, whispered, in an audible tone, "Welcome." Crossing the corner of the room she gently placed a large silk handkerchief over a little child that was sleeping. A watch had been placed on a chair which she soon discovered, and with all the grace imaginable arranged it in her belt, which she materialized in our presence for the occasion; then, as if preparing to depart, she took a seat, and reaching down by her side picked up a rubber, and placing it on her foot, returned to the cabinet. Again she came in our presence with what appeared to be a little nickel clock, which all could see and hear tick very plainly. An old gentleman, answering by raps that he was the father of one of the party, came limping across the room, as in earth-life, and clasping the hand of his son shook it heartily. My wife's brother came and greeted her with a hearty shake of the hand. She handed him her pocket-book, which he eagerly took and placed to his ear, shook it as if to ascertain its contents, and then opening it took a small memorandum slip and returned the book to me as if in safe-keeping. Work of this nature continued for about four hours. My friends, prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good. B. J. WAKEMAN.

Benton Harbor, Mich.

Yelling Themselves into a Trance.

TO THE EDITOR:—The greatest religious excitement that has ever been known at Palmyra, Wis., exists at present. A force of Free Methodists came here last Thursday, and put up a tent, and have been conducting their meetings, and the greatest excitement prevails. They can be heard a distance of two miles. One of the ministers, Rev. Kelsey, of Chicago, was overcome by fever and excitement, and has been in an unconscious condition for twelve hours up to the present writing. A lady is also in the same condition, while many others are yelling and acting more like lunatics than anything else. H. W. RICKER.

By the Way of Evolution.

The Nationalist says:

There was once a little animal no bigger than a fox, and on five toes he scampered over tertiary rocks; they called him Eohippus, and they called him very small, and they thought him of no value, when they thought of him at all; for the lumpy Dinoceras and Coryphodont so slow, were the heavy aristocracy in days so long ago. Said the little Eohippus, "I'm going to be a horse, and on my middle finger-nails to run my earthly course; I'm going to have a flowing tail, I'm going to have a mane; I'm going to stand fourteen hands high on the Psychozoic plain." The Coryphodont was horrified, the Dinoceras shocked, and they chased young Eohippus, but he skipped away and mocked. Then they laughed enormous laughs, and they groaned enormous groans, and they bade young Eohippus go to view his father's bones. Said they: "You always were as low and small as now we see, and, therefore, it is evident that you're always going to be." "What! be a great, tall, handsome beast with hoofs to gallop on? Why, you'd have to change your nature!" said the Foxolophodont. Then they fancied him disposed of, and retired with gait serene; that was the way they argued in the early Eocene. There was once an anthropoidal ape far smarter than the rest, and everything that they could do he always did the best; so they naturally disliked him and gave him shoulders cool, and when they had to mention him they said he was a fool. Cried this pretentious ape one day, "I'm going to be a man, and stand upright and hunt and fight and conquer all I can! I'm going to cut down forest trees and make my house higher; I'm going to kill a mastodon! I'm going to build a fire." Loud screamed the anthropoidal apes with laughter loud and gay; then tried to catch that boastful one, but he always got away. So they yelled at him in chorus, which he minded not a whit, and they pelted him with cocoanuts, which did not seem to hit; and then they gave him reasons, which they deemed of much avail, to prove how his preposterous attempt was sure to fail. Said the sages: "In the first place, the thing could not be done; and secondly, if it could be 'twould not be any fun; thirdly and most conclusive, and admitting no reply, you would have to change your nature! We should like to see you try!" They chuckled then triumphantly, those lean and hairy shapes, for these things passed as arguments with anthropoidal apes. There was once a neolithic man, an enterprising wight, who kept his simple instruments unusually bright; unusually clean he was, unusually brave, and he sketched delightful mammoths on the borders of his cave. To his neolithic neighbors, who were startled and surprised, said he, "My friends, in course of time we shall be civilized! We are going to live in cities and build churches and make laws; we are going to eat three times a day without the natural cause; we are going to turn life upside down about a thing called gold; we're going to want the earth and take as much as we can hold; we're going to wear a pile of stuff outside our proper skins; we're going to have diseases! and accomplishments! and sins!!!" Then they all rose up in fury against their boastful friend, for prehistoric patience comes quickly to an end. Said one: "This is chimerical, utopian, absurd!" Said another: "What a stupid life, too dull, upon my word." Cried all: "Before such things can come, you idiotic child, you must alter human nature!" then they all sat back and smiled. Thought they: "An answer to that last it will be hard to find." It was a clinching argument to the neolithic mind.

Evolution from Lower Conditions.

TO THE EDITOR:—The article in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of July 2d, entitled, "Have Animals Spirits?" inspires me to a responsive train of comments. Your motto, "Progress the universal law of nature, thought the solvent of her problems," serves me well as a text. "Life" means progression. Can there be "life" without it? All is "life;" then all is "progressive." People may adore the Bible or cast it aside, but there still remains the fact that all demonstrated truth can be proven by some part of it. It says: "Man was formed of the dust of the ground." Does scientific research prove anything regarding this? Let us see. We are told that the earth is composed of layers, or strata of earth, differing one from the other. Geologists tell us that down, way down below the surface of the earth, they have found strata of earth that bear no impress of any animal existence whatever; then higher up the impress or indication of lower animal life; still higher that of a more highly developed animal existence, and finally, after what must have been ages, the signs of the existence of human organization. Is there nothing suggestive in all this? Nothing of the "Darwinian" theory to me. But man (each man and woman) has passed through these progressive stages of development—each in its regular turn. All is life, and life is—must be—progressive. There is life in the dust we tread beneath our feet. Then there is "progression" in that dust. We speak of the "divine life in man." Can any life be ought but "divine?" Whatever people's idea of "God, the Creator," "Mother Nature," or anything they wish to call the "Living Principle and Designer of All," they all agree in one essential point—that it is "life," the "Giver of Life." Then all things in this visible world are manifestations of that "life," and wherein can the "life" of the vegetable, mineral and animal kingdoms differ save in the degree of their manifestations. "Progress is the universal law of nature, thought the solvent of her problems;" then let us think, reason and ever bear in mind that believing a thing does not alter the truth; neither does scorning to believe the truth alter its condition. To the close observer there is a noticeable resemblance between many people and some particular species of animal life; also some remind us of the rose, the lily, etc., and scolding at the idea of our reincarnation from vegetable to the lower animal life, and thence to the human, does not alter the case if it be true.

Marion, Iowa. Mrs. N. D. HAHN.

Lines of a Skeleton.

The following poem, written in a "fair, clerical hand," was found near a skeleton of remarkable symmetry of form, in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and was sent by the curator of the museum to a London morning paper. All efforts to learn its origin were unavailing, although, among other expedients, a reward of fifty guineas was offered for the name of the author. As these were occurrences of nearly fifty years ago, it seems hardly possible that the secret will ever be disclosed:

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full!
This narrow cell was life's retreat;
This space was thought's mysterious seat;
What beauteous picture filled this spot—
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
Nor love, nor hope, nor joy, nor fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void.
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When suns and stars have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern, hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And, where it could not praise, was chained,
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee
When death unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To how the rock or wear the gem
Can nothing now avail to them;
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comforts to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of joy they fled
To soothe affliction's humbler bed,
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned
And home to virtue's lap returned,
Those feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

In Memoriam.

I visit the graves of the loved ones gone;
I know that naught but the dust lies there;
That the silent lips will never again
Speak to me words of loving cheer.

I stand and gaze on the lonely mounds;
In my heart I utter a broken prayer
That we may soon meet where true love abounds,
Where there's no more sorrow, or pain, or care.

When I sit in the gloaming by hearth alone,
With only the echo of joys and pains,
I feel that my heart is turned to stone;
Sad mem'ry is all that with me remains.

As the clock ticks on, and time rolls by,
I lift my trembling hands to heaven,
And pray the Reaper to take me on high—
Let earth's ties now forever be given.

How can I wage life's battles alone,
In solitude walk through the stony way;
No strong arm to help, no one to uplift,
As I wander along day after day?

I pray for guidance in all my deeds,
That my thoughts and acts may all be fair;
For strength to uproot the tares and weeds,
Bravely life's trials to face and endure.

Father, let angels guide me, and guard
Till this lone heart's throbs shall quietly cease;
With tender kindness watch and ward
To the great beyond in peace.

—Marian K. La Ransieur.

An Appreciative Reader.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am constrained to pen you a few lines to express to you my high appreciation of your very excellent paper. I was first presented with a copy by my kind and considerate friend, Prof. Silas W. Edmunds, and have received my first copy on subscription. I have derived great benefit perusing its pages, filled with so many grand thoughts which go to elevate and encourage humanity to the fact that it is not requisite that the "human form divine" should grovel in the dust, and do penance to work out an ideal salvation with fear and doubtful trembling. And here, let me state, that great good has been accomplished at this place through the faithful and untiring efforts of Prof. Edmunds, who, at a sacrifice to himself, entertained on several occasions appreciative audiences at Laboratory Park, and for over two hours on each occasion, day and evening, held them spellbound, and they wanted more. Several grand and truthful tests were given, together with inspirational poems, woven together in beautiful rhythm, from several subjects chosen by the hearers. I say inspirational, for no person, unassisted by spirit power, could render such. The best of order prevailed on each occasion, something unknown here before, which fact speaks well for the influences of spirit power at the first Spiritual meetings ever held in this locality. Wishing you God speed in the cause, and that your paper may reach many homes of toiling and anxious seekers after a gleam of hope, something new and elevating, I am, dear sir, Yours for the right,

Washington, Pa. J. C. DECKER.

7-7-7—Three Sevens, by the Phelons. Price, \$1.25. The Jesuits, on both the visible and invisible planes, have banded together to stop the sale of this book. They are afraid it will end their monopoly of the Secret Knowledge, which in its pages is given to the people. Read it for yourself and see why. For sale at this office.

"Antiquity Unveiled," communications from ancient spirits. Apollonius of Tyana, the Jesus of Nazareth, St. Paul and John, the revelators of the Christian Scriptures, return to earth as a spirit, and explain the mysteries that have concealed the theological deception of the Christian hierarchy. 608 pages. A very valuable book. Price, \$1.50; postage, 12 cents.

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